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CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 321
SCIENCE AND WORLD ORDER. By Ritchie Calder 323
ARMS AND THE MEN. By David Scott . 324
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 325
THIS ENGLAND 326
HABITATION OF BITTERNS. By Sagittarius 327
YOUTH AND AGE. By Y. Y. 327
SOLDIERS ON THE PLATFORM. By Frances Cornford 328
DUBLIN IN WARTIME. By James Bridie . 328
CORRESPONDENCE . . . . Page 329
From Munition Worker; F. R. Cripps; Industrial Physicist; Disqualified; E. C. H. Smith; Gilbert M. Marson; Irene T. Barclay; Gerard K. Cooper; Patricia Reynolds; A Sudeten-German; F. D. Rudwick; R. Sargood; Expectant Mother; R. Lewis; H. S. Milford; A. Morley Davies.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By Edward Sackville West 331
REVIEWS: Page
Donatello. By Sir Kenneth Clark . 332
Cape Horn. By V. S. Pritchett . . 332
The Indian Riddle. By Leonard Woolf 332
Intellectual Song. By Raymond Mortimer 333
Rauschning's Apologia. By Georg Troeltsch 334
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 335
PLAYS AND PICTURES 336
THE MOVIES. By William Whitebait . 336

THE PROBLEM OF PRODUCTION

Do we want better Christmas dinners? Yes, of course. But we do not expect the Prime Minister to emphasise our comparative comfort at this moment. To-day we are all chiefly concerned with the tragedy of Russia, the supreme threat both to Russia and ourselves of the Nazi advance to the Don and the Caucasus, and the vital importance of saving Rostov, the distributing centre of Caucasian oil; our thoughts are with the desperate revolt of brave men all over the Continent, whom we are told that we cannot now do anything very much to help. Not that Mr. Churchill, for all his buoyancy and very proper encouragement about successes in the Atlantic and Near East, is in any way open to the charge of complacency. He warned us to expect a long war; he even said, that the Germans were short of aeroplanes and yet capable, if they could hold Russia on defensive lines, of attacking in the Mediterranean and Spain, and of invading England all at the same time. Mr. Churchill, in a word, made a brilliant parliamentary speech which did not tell us anything, because it was not meant to do so. Hitler, he said, was listening; the Government's critics could not know the relevant facts; he was doing all he could in very difficult circumstances, and that was all we know or needed to know.

Let us give Mr. Churchill an example in which we believe that criticism may be helpful. We hope we are not committing any indiscretion, to quote Mr. Churchill's own words, when we say that production, though improving, is still far from satisfactory. Nor are we giving any information to Hitler if we add that Mr. Churchill, himself deeply immersed in the high problems of strategy, has little time to consider the economic framework in which all strategy must be considered. Mr. Churchill might have had a different tale to tell us if there had been more tanks. On this question authorities are being shot at from all sides. At the meetings of the British Association last Saturday, Mr. Swann gave a number of examples of an attitude which is increasingly resented in the factories and workshops. He mentioned that the author of a very reasonable and useful article, entitled "From the Technician's Point of View," published in this paper on September 13th, had been dismissed because he revealed defects in the management of the factory in which he was working. We understand that the position of the chemist in question, Mr. John Clark, is still undetermined, in view of the fact that the factory management sacked him without previously obtaining the permission of the National Service officer. The fundamental question of individual freedom—the right of the worker to criticise his management—is involved. But from the angle of production the issue is even more urgent. Has the technician not the duty as well as the right to stimulate output, first by pressure to remove inefficiencies within the factory, and then, if that fails, by an appeal to a wider public?

Some inefficiency is the unavoidable consequence of replacing highly skilled by less skilled workers in key posts, and of improvising measures for a vast increase of war output instead of having them worked out in advance and ready to be applied. But when all allowance has been made for these factors, it remains true that practically everybody one meets who has any connection with the war industries is violently critical. We have recently been in touch with a number of middle-sized employers, with some groups of productive engineers and managers, and with several bodies of Trade Union shop stewards representing important industrial areas. With one voice all these people declared the existing methods of war production to be badly muddled, and expressed their sense of thwartedness and ill-ease at finding themselves unable to put their full contribution into the war effort. Not one of them believed that any change could be effected merely by exhortations to do more.

These persons differ a good deal in their apportionment of the blame for what is amiss. But they are at one in holding that the existing compromise between private and public enterprise is not serving the country well. Some of them blame "Civil Service" control, and demand that the job of running the war industries shall be left to those who possess the requisite practical knowledge. Some of them blame the big capitalists, on the ground that many of them are thinking more about consolidating their position with a view to post-war profits than about winning the war. Some of them blame the Trades Union Congress for standing in the way of the adoption of a rationalised wage policy. And, finally, some of them put the blame mainly on sheer managerial inefficiency. But whatever particular explanations they assign, they all appear to agree in putting a substantial share of the blame on the Government's failure to devise a satisfactory system of central organisation to serve as a foundation for efficiency.

At this point Mr. Bevin, if he should happen to read this article, will probably object that no journalist has a right to criticise the organisation of war production, and that such criticism is, as he has said, the prerogative of the production engineer. Mr. Bevin might do worse than call together a number of the leading production engineers now working for private firms and ask them to tell him candidly what they think of the situation. He would hear some remarkable stories about men and women standing idle day after day in factories engaged on the most urgent types of production, about unnecessary mistakes in specification and design, and about the innumerable muddles arising in the inspection departments.

To propose, as the *Financial News* is now doing, to end this chaos by offering the inducement of higher profits to the employers is fantastic. Only in small firms is the "employer" the person who is responsible for high or low output. In big factories it is the managerial staff, and not the shareholders, who are the important people in securing productive efficiency—they and the manual workers under their orders. The offer of higher profits to shareholders cannot produce a single extra tank or gun—unless, as matters stand, the shareholders' representatives are being allowed to impede the full use of the factory in the war effort. If they are, the remedy is not to offer them more money, but to deprive them of the power of doing so, and to release the managers and technicians and the manual workers from their bondage to the financial interests. If present measures of State control do not secure this, they ought to be strengthened until they do secure it.

It is, however, impossible to secure this as long as essential war industries are left in private hands. The business firm, which may own a number of factories scattered up and down the country, is altogether the wrong unit. Neighbouring factories, under war conditions, need grouping together so as to secure a real pool of their complementary resources of machinery, man-power and common management for the general planning of their output. There ought to be full freedom to give big jobs to really efficient managers and technicians, and to get rid of those who are inefficient. Management, fully as much as labour, ought to constitute a pool.

No one who knows the war industries will expect this to happen as long as State control is based on respecting the sovereign independence of each separate capitalist business. Nor can the criticism and discontent in the workshops possibly be allayed, or any rhyme or reason introduced into the payment of wages without a really dramatic change in the basis of organisation of war industry. The workman who sees inefficiency all around him, will not accept a *ukase* that he must rest content with his wages, if he sees men engaged on much less essential work than his—and needing less skill—getting bigger money. Let no one be misled by the absence of strikes into believing that there is no serious industrial unrest. There are almost no strikes because the vast majority of the workers are very determined that the war must be won—the more determined now that the Soviet Union is our ally. But unrest is prevalent because workers are becoming more alive to the fact that their labour is not fully used.

One thing that ought to be done at once is to abolish the Ministry of Aircraft Production as a separate department, and concentrate all production of munitions (except ships) under a single executive department. If it is held that this would be too unwieldy, the answer still is that M.A.P. ought to go; for it is vital to have the whole engineering industry under a single unified control. If all war production is too much for one ministry, let the production of boots, uniforms, and other non-engineering products be transferred to a separate authority. That would not matter so much. What does matter is when M.A.P., wanting planes, is pulling one way, and Supply, wanting tanks and guns, another. A single Ministry should deal with all engineering products.

If this Ministry took over the key engineering establishments it would not be necessary to take over all the little firms; for these could at length be given a coherent plan to work to, instead of being bandied about from one department and from one main contractor to another. The small firms could, indeed, be much better treated than they are now in the supply of capital, continuous employment, and certainty about the future.

Finally, action must be taken to enlist the more positive co-operation of the workers. A number of factories have recently installed Production Councils representing managers and workers, and these have usually led to a removal of sources of friction and inefficiency, and to a rise in output. But there are too many firms which still try to withhold recognition for Trade Unionism. This attitude must go, or discontent will assume really serious proportions. In sum, the present need on the production front is not for a patch here or there, but for a radical change of policy.

The Home Front (*from an Industrial Correspondent*)

One is naturally gratified by the announcements of increased tank production following the announcement that the current output is to go to the U.S.S.R. But let us beware of mistaking a large increase in output over two or three weeks for a guarantee that the increase will be sustained. It is relatively easy, for a few weeks, to rush up finished output by using up stores at an increased rate; and spurts of this sort are very apt to be followed by serious falling back, when the factories run out of essential parts and are held up until supplies of some vital component arrive. This happened to us in 1940 in respect of aeroplanes. I do not say that it is going to happen now; but I am always unimpressed by sudden, sensational rises in output. Of course, in this case the workers have undoubtedly been putting their backs into it in order to help the Soviet Union. But they cannot go on doing this unless the necessary components continue to arrive to time—or, in other words, unless the output of war industry is competently planned right through from the raw material to the finished product.

* * *

The coming debate on man-power will be important. It is known that the Services are calling for further men, more particularly of skilled men. The general demand seems likely to raise acute problems of labour shortage in the building industry, which is one of the few remaining industries, apart from munitions, including a fair number of able-bodied men of military age. A large proportion of the building labour is already on Government work, on camps and depots for the forces, as well as on factories and reconditioning of damaged properties; and most of the balance is employed by small firms which are mainly concerned with repair work. In view of the likelihood of a resumption of large-scale air attacks, the Government will have to be wary of taking away the remaining workers from the repair sections of the industry. A real cold spell with no one to mend the burst pipes would by no means help the war effort; and there must be men to attend to necessary small repairs after raids—to say nothing of such maintenance work as cannot be postponed without making dwellings uninhabitable. The recent census of small building firms was no doubt meant partly to discover to what extent concentration is possible, or some sort of pooling at any rate, among the very numerous small builders. But this cannot be an easy matter. Many of the small masters have already lost nearly all their labour, and are carrying on as best they can by themselves or with a single odd-job man to help them. It should be a good deal easier to squeeze the industries making consumers' goods than to squeeze the building industry much further.

* * *

The acute controversy between Mr. Bevin and Sir Walter Citrine forces new consideration of the fundamental question of the balance between the needs of men for the army and men to increase its equipment. We need above all, as Mr. Churchill rightly said, a well equipped army which can never hope in size to match the great armies of the Continent. It is no use increasing the army unless it can be adequately equipped; and at the present rate of arms production, plus imports from America, it will take us all our time to equip the men we have already in the forces.

* * *

The demand for more skilled men for the forces raises many difficulties. There is undoubtedly a lot of waste of skilled man-power still going on in the factories. Firms are still holding on to skilled men, not because they imperatively need them now, but because they think they may need them later on; and these surplus men are hidden from the Labour Inspectors by being put on work which is not really essential, or could be done by workers of less skill. But, whereas this is true in some factories, there are others in which large bodies of female trainees are being held idle or under-employed for lack of enough setters, with long waits whenever a machine goes wrong before any skilled man can spare time to put it to rights. The skilled labour is still badly distributed between firms and districts; but I doubt if there is enough of it for any to be spared to the armed forces, beyond what has been authorised already, without serious effects on production. The moral is that more machine operators, including women, ought to be rapidly trained, not as all-round setters, but to set their own machines. Something of this order is being done in the Government Training Centres, but not nearly enough in the factories themselves. Especially, there is still a widespread and unfounded belief that practically no woman is capable of setting up a machine. This has been proved untrue where educated women have been given a chance; but the prejudice persists, among foremen and managers as well as among the skilled workers.

A German Failure (*from a correspondent*)

The sudden despatch to Prague of the Gestapo chief Heydrich, Himmler's deputy, marks a turning point in the history of the ill-fated Protectorate of Bohemia and Moravia. It may even mark its end. In any case, it is the first public admission which the Germans have made that they have completely failed to win over the Czechs and incorporate Bohemia and Moravia peacefully into the Reich.

It seems that the Germans realise the implications of their change of regime. This is no doubt the reason why, after blazoning out to the world the appointment of Heydrich, the declaration of martial law in six of the main Czech towns, the arrest of the Czech Premier and the shooting of several dozen Czechs of all parties and all ages, they have clamped down on news from Prague and refuse to answer questions in Berlin.

For the Czechs this means an intensification of the horror under which they live; a greater sense of insecurity; a greater number of people to be arrested, tortured, shot. It means more painful pressure by the German machine, and less mediation by the Czech administration between masters and subjects. But it brings no completely new element into the lives of the ordinary Czechs. People have been arrested, tortured, killed without the declaration of martial law. Students have been shot in cold blood on the aerodromes of Prague while Neurath was Protector.

For the Czechs, the new regime under Heydrich will be horrible. But for the Germans it is a serious set-back. For them, the occupation of Bohemia was different from all their other conquests. It was not based on military conquest but was made "peacefully." Though not recognised *de jure* by any of the respectable Great Powers, it was recognised *de facto*. Nobody was prepared to fight for the liberation of Czechoslovakia alone. Furthermore, even the Czechs had not fought.

The legal president of Czechoslovakia had signed the document in Berlin by which the Protectorate was established. A Czech Government was formed in Prague which was more truly representative of the Czechs than any other Puppet Government in Europe. Members of the Czech Government and leading Czech politicians made public speeches in which they even supported German claims. The whole basis of the German claim was that Bohemia and Moravia "belonged" to the Reich and that the Czechs themselves admitted that they formed part of the old German Empire. Throughout the last 2½ years, the Germans have done their utmost to scramble the Czech eggs to such an extent that an independent Czechoslovak State would never be able to arise again. They have separated the Slovaks from the Czechs. The whole of Czech economy has been reorganised and is now an integral part of the German system. A highly efficient political and administrative machine has been built up throughout the country through local Germans, through imported German officials and German colonists. In all the important departments of public life, the country has been given a completely German face. The Germans have accomplished more in a couple of years than the Austrians accomplished in centuries. A single generation on the present basis would have gone near to exterminating Czech national independence. The Czechs would have become simply a servant class in one of the provinces of Germany.

It is the Czechs themselves, the great mass of the Czech people, who have put an end to that danger. Suddenly overnight, the Germans have been forced openly to admit that the whole basis of their claim was false. The Czechs have proved that they are just as much a conquered foreign territory as any of the other occupied countries of Europe. And their revolt is even more significant and dangerous for the Reich, than any sporadic revolt in Northern or Western Europe, or in the Balkans. For they are nearer the heart of Germany. Their industries and their communications are more essential to the German war machine. Furthermore, they have been the longest oppressed. And yet, in the summer of 1941, they have been able to threaten it with such damage by widespread sabotage in the factories and by interference with the German transports, that the Germans have been forced to abandon the whole hypocritical façade which they had laboriously built up in Bohemia, to withdraw Neurath who had been essential to their policy of conciliation and corruption, and to declare publicly that a state of war exists as much between Czechs and Germans as between any country which has been able to fight Germany on the battlefield.

The whole rotten structure of the New Order has been exposed. Germany can win battles, conquer countries but she cannot maintain her victories nor hold those countries conquered. The arrival of Heydrich in Prague is one of the most signal defeats which the conquered peoples of Europe have been able to inflict on the Reich. He may be able to crush the present resistance, to safeguard for a while the German war machine, but ultimately he cannot succeed, because no regime built exclusively on force can last. Heydrich's arrival in Prague means that an independent Czechoslovak state will be restored.

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ANNOUNCEMENT

CONFRONTED with the necessity of drastically curtailing our consumption of paper, this journal has the additional embarrassment of a circulation that expands with unprecedented rapidity. This increase has been most remarkable during the last few months; our last published figure (Jan.-June, 1941) was 38,518; we now have to record a sale of 45,000.

The paper ration is calculated on the basis of pre-war requirements and therefore makes no allowance for increased circulation. It now stands at 22½ per cent. of pre-war consumption, plus a small supplementary allowance in some cases. It follows that we must either greatly reduce the size of our paper or greatly reduce our present sales. We unhesitatingly prefer the first course. The increase in sales of this paper is not due to any artificial encouragement on our part, indeed we have cut production so fine that the paper is difficult to obtain after Friday morning. Our intention is to continue to supply this demand to the utmost of our ability. One restriction, however, we must now make absolute. Everyone who wishes to obtain a copy of this journal must place a regular order with his newsagent or must subscribe directly to this office. Instructions are going out to the trade to this effect.

In reducing the size of our paper, we must retain its essential characteristics. We are unwilling to shorten the political notes and articles, or the reviews which are acknowledged to be as good a guide as now exists to the readers of British books both in this country and abroad. Nor are we willing to sacrifice other features of cultural interest or to omit the correspondence columns which allow our readers to voice their views and their difficulties in days when many of the usual channels of public opinion are no longer available.

We have decided therefore to preserve the characteristics of the paper and its circulation at the cost of the advertisements. This week and for this week only we have totally suspended advertising in the paper. We have in view a restricted form of advertising that we hope to introduce into the paper next week. Further typographic changes should make this possible on a small but equitable basis. We know that advertisers will appreciate the reasons for adopting this policy, and we realise that for some classes of advertisers, more especially for publishers, the loss of advertising space is a serious matter.

On Wednesday of this week the *Times* published an important letter from Mr. Stanley Unwin, who pointed out that the present paper rationing seemed oblivious of the "vital part played by books in influencing world opinion and maintaining morale at home." He remarks that were this drastic curtailment essential to the winning of the war there would be nothing to be said, but that "we have just learned that the present *total* allowance of paper for book production" does not represent *one per cent.* of the total consumption of paper and boards.

It is easy for authorities whose minds are set on the urgent necessities of industrial production to forget that thought and culture are also essential. All that Mr. Unwin says of books is true also of weekly reviews. The influence and importance of these journals of opinion is out of all proportion to their size; the paper they use is an even less significant item than that used for books in the total of national paper consumption. They must maintain their character as organs of discussion, as an essential medium through which literary and cultural values are upheld, and as a proof to foreign countries that free thought and the right of unfettered comment are still alive in Britain during the war.

SCIENCE AND WORLD ORDER

SCIENCE and Statecraft must work together, said Mr. Eden, if after the war we are to remove the fear of want as well as of war. Diplomacy, in war, is the servant of strategy; in peace, it must be the servant of science. The International Science Conference organised by the Division for Social and International Relations of the British Association, and attended by the scientists of twenty-two countries, has prepared the way for that fulfilment.

First, of course, comes the task of destroying Nazism, and the use of science in the war itself came foremost in all the discussions. The free world of science is pledged to giving us the tools to finish the job. That was what Mr. Eden meant when he talked of "the intellectual encirclement of Germany." But, to the scientist, winning the war is not enough; he insists upon having a say in the winning of the peace. Hence this Conference on "Science and World Order."

Throughout there was no attempt to burke the realities. The event itself was a momentous reality—that such an assembly could meet in London, within range of the bombers, in the Royal Institution, itself scarred with raids; with M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, taking a prominent part while millions are dying and his country is being devastated from Murmansk to the Black Sea; with Dr. Benes presiding over a session on "Science and Technological Advance" while martial law was being imposed on his resurgent Czechoslovakia; with Dr. Wellington Koo, his country laid waste by years of war, taking the chair at "Science and Post-war Relief"; with Mr. Winant discussing "Science and Human Needs," but insisting that the primary need was to use science to destroy Nazi power; and with Mr. Herbert Morrison, urging that the facts of science should replace demagogy in politics.

One could look round the tiers of seats and pick out brilliant scientists now heavily engaged in the work of war, men on whom the battles of the Atlantic, of the air and on land depend more than Official Secrets will let us disclose. And there were the younger scientists, including Dr. Swann, whose disclosures of the sacking of the Government chemist, who exposed inefficiency in this journal, caused a sensation. They were demanding greater efforts, greater co-ordination and use of science in the war effort.

This conference, was more than a manifestation of the solidarity of the free scientists in war; it was also an insistence by scientists from Britain, the U.S.S.R., the U.S.A., China and all the European nations that the Atlantic Charter can have and must have practical application. There was a practical paper by Sir John Russell, our great soil research expert, on "The Scorched Earth." He knows Russian and Polish agricultural science intimately, but as his chairman, Dr. Wellington Koo, pointed out, his arguments were also valid for China. Sir John said that he did not feel that the destruction of the soil was likely to be serious in Russia, but the reconstruction of agriculture would be very difficult and the reconstruction of the livestock population and of the trees more difficult still. Soviet scientists have accomplished remarkable things in agricultural science, covering the whole of the Union from the Arctic to the sub-tropics. Recovery, he said, would be more rapid if Russian pedigree stocks could be moved East of the Volga out of harm's way. Poland had no such opportunity. He urged that in Britain and other free countries we should be maintaining pedigree herds suitable for Poland and Russia, and that, with the help of artificial insemination, herds could be rapidly restored after the war. He urged that the stocks of specially selected Russian seeds should be shipped immediately to U.S.A. and Canada, there to be grown under conditions similar to the Ukraine, ready to supply, in abundance, the seed necessary for replanting. He wanted the buds of the fruit trees of the Ukraine to be brought here, grafted and grown for replacement.

Mr. Richard Allen of the American Red Cross told of the great depot of medical supplies which is being established in Geneva ready to rush first aid at the first signs of post-war famine and pestilence. Dr. Hugh E. Smith of the Rockefeller warned us that disease would destroy many more millions than the battles and bombs if the germs ran amok.

Dr. E. Kodicek, the Czech nutrition expert, dealt with the relief of the deficiency diseases immediately after the war. Post-war relief must be based on total post-war reconstruction and not upon charity. There must be an international organisation established immediately to consider the provision of medical supplies, sera, and vitamin concentrates and the training of doctors to meet the urgent needs when, as Mr. Winant said, "we leave the battlefields and move into a wounded world of immediate needs and crowded wants."

Sir John Orr made the greatest contribution of all. Mr. Winant and Mr. H. G. Wells paid tribute to his clear-sighted plans for making food the basis of post-war reconstruction. He dealt with war-time rationing, with post-war relief and with a complete international system in which want was removed, while agriculture, the world's basic industry, found a new and stable prosperity. Here we see how the problems of world reconstruction are only the continuation of our present urgent needs. He predicted that our rationing system would be drastically changed before the end of the war; it would have to be brought more closely into line with individual needs. Communal feeding had come to stay and would become part of the general system of nutrition. He pointed out that there need be no conflict of interests in a world where food became the rational basis of economy. Even in the U.S.A., as Vice-President Henry Wallace has said, 50 per cent. of the population in the world's wealthiest country do not get enough of the protective foods necessary for health. All nations fall below the now measurable standards of satisfactory nutrition. The agriculture of every country would have to be expanded to meet those basic needs, with the primary producer countries supplying the additional requirements. It would be a world without crazy restrictions and quotas. Food, not gold, on which a Midas-world has starved its way to wars, should be the bedrock of world reconstruction.

Immediately after the Conference Sir John left for America for discussions with the Vice-President and the Department of Agriculture.

The Atlantic Charter talks about "access to raw materials." What does that mean in concrete terms? The political side was not strictly in our province, though it was freely raised in the addresses of Prof. Haldane, Maurice Dobb and others. But plans for control of the natural resources of the world were discussed by international experts on the basis of Sir Harold Hartley's practical and imaginative paper. We discussed, too, the new materials, the new processes the development of which the war has accelerated. All these have to be brought into the perspective of post-war planning; scientific materials like plastics are what Professor Sargant Florence, dealing with the redistribution and the location of industry, called "foot-loose industries," untied by geographical limitations.

The American representatives, Professor Alvin Hansen, of the Roosevelt "brains trust," and Dr. Luther Gulick, the able representative of the National Resources Planning Board, had important contributions to make. Taking the Tennessee Valley scheme as a basis, we were shown how, by intra-regional development between seven States and a hundred counties, science and technology had been translated into a vast social experiment, embracing not only power-resources but new industries, education, health organisation, welfare and so on—an object lesson for the States of Europe in combined development. Large-scale power development has to come, not only in Europe and in the Far East, but, as Lord Hailey pointed out, in the backward tropical countries as well. As H. G. Wells remarked, the "world must be dammed for its own salvation."

Never has a scientific conference had wider implications than this one, nor reached so many people. The resources of the B.B.C. proclaimed its message of hope to the peoples of occupied countries. It went out in thirty-seven languages and to the Empire. In the middle of the Conference there was a round-table discussion by Transatlantic Radio in which Ambassador Winant, Prof. A. V. Hill, one of the principal speakers at the Conference, Dr. Julian Huxley, Prof. P. M. S. Blackett and myself were the British representatives, and on the other side Eve Curie, daughter of Pierre and Marie, those great Franco-Polish scientists, and sister of Irene, Nobel prizewinner with her husband Curie-Joliot, now held in occupied France, Professor Harold Urey, the Nobel prizewinner, Prof. Boas of Columbia, and Waldemar Kaempffert of the *New York Times*.

After the Conference, the British Association set to work to implement the practical results of the Conference, to line up the international scientists and establish working relations with the Government experts. This Conference was only the beginning.

At the end of the Conference the President of the B.A., Sir Richard Gregory, put the Charter of the Commonwealth of Science to the meeting. In this document the free principles and high purpose of science were laid down. Science is no longer "pure," irresponsible and aloof from the needs of common men and the organisation of society. Neither, said the assembled scientists at this Conference, is science to be the tool of national governments and exclusive ambitions. Its knowledge is at the disposal of mankind. Science must be the hand-maid not of national statecraft but of world co-operation.

RITCHIE CALDER.

ARMS AND THE MEN

THE Army at home is certainly unhappy; it looks and feels like a poor relation of the other services. Its war record to date has been sometimes heroic, but never inspiring. It suffered disaster through no fault of its own in France last year; and its other campaigns, excepting some transient triumphs or preventive operations carried out largely by Dominion or Indian troops, have mostly been hard-fought but hopeless battles against overwhelming odds. Unlike the Navy and the R.A.F., the Army at present lacks the confidence and prestige born of success.

Idleness, we all know, is bad for any army; and the comparative idleness of the troops at home is one of the causes of their discontent. But it does not follow that to engage troops in desperate ventures for which they may not be fitted is the proper cure. Good *morale* and good discipline begin at home; they are the natural products of good psychology, good organisation and good training, not of reckless belligerence. To throw an ill-equipped, imperfectly trained or socially disunited army into the test of battle is an even surer way of breaking its spirit than to leave it too long without fighting. For this reason, I cannot agree with those who believe that any offensive operation, even if it fails, is worth undertaking as a moral tonic for the troops.

Let us face the facts that soldiers whose *morale* is poor will behave no better in battle than in barracks, and that the social atmosphere of an army, together with the material conditions in which it lives, is the real key to its well-being. To a certain extent the British Army is bound to compare badly with the Navy or the R.A.F. just now. It is going through a moral crisis due to a *sitzkrieg* and growing pains combined. Unlike the Navy and the R.A.F., whose equipment has proved better than the enemy's and whose training has been brilliantly justified, the Army has had to be wholly re-equipped since war began, to revolutionise its training and at the same time to absorb about ten times its original strength in raw recruits. Millions of men—too many millions, perhaps—are called up and have to wait months for the equipment they must eventually learn to use. Meanwhile, many of them can only be trained in the dull routine of the pre-war infantry, which imposes the maximum of vexatious "discipline" and puts no premium on initiative. Their training has to be entrusted largely to officers who saw active service in the last war but have seen none in this and are not technically or mentally up to date. To fill up the cadres junior officers are being commissioned almost without previous service. When a machine of this size and complexity is being built up from scratch, there must be a great many square pegs in round holes.

In such conditions the urgent question is not how we can attain perfection, but whether we are making the most of the human material we have to hand. The answer is that we are not, if only because the Army (unlike the R.A.F., which has achieved a rare combination of indispensable authority and social harmony) is still organised on an antiquated social basis. Not only has it failed to get rid of the fatal class barrier between officers and "other ranks"; it is actually putting the clock back in this respect. Hore-Belisha tried to democratise the British Army and made a perceptible impression; but his reforms were, of course, unpopular with officers of the old school. Since he resigned the ancient idols have been quietly set up again; their shadows can be seen on every side. Officers of the B.E.F. (1939) dressed like their men and were largely recruited from among them; but the new generation of subalterns, with the approval or by the orders of reactionary commanding officers, have gone back to the polished cross-straps, swagger-canes and Mayfair moustaches of another day. The officers' mess is again a class stronghold into which men who may be fine soldiers, but are not considered "sahibs," find their way with difficulty. Our new conscript armies are less democratic than our professional army of two years ago.

The Men of Dunkirk, who have faced Hitler's soldiers in the field and know both how they fight and how they can be defeated, should be the backbone of these new armies and the reservoir from which their best company officers are drawn. I should say, as a rough rule, that every intelligent private who survived Dunkirk should be an N.C.O. to-day, and that every N.C.O. who showed ability or won distinction in France should have been commissioned by now, without regard for his social origin, financial position or other unmilitary criteria. In fact, something has been done in this direction, but not nearly enough. The Men of Dunkirk are being swamped between the older and the newer generations of officers; between the C.O. who believes in mechanical discipline and dislikes the independence and initiative which are the attributes of the modern soldier, and the callow subaltern once more commissioned almost straight from school.

I could quote several cases in which keen and efficient young soldiers have found themselves debarred from the service of their choice or baulked of well-deserved promotion either by social or even racial prejudice, or because the qualities most needed in the leader of to-day are unwelcome to the officer of yesterday. For lack of space I will only tell the story of a young soldier whom I will call Bill. He is a very pleasant and presentable fellow, now aged 22, the son of a skilled working man. He enlisted (rather than go on the dole) at 16 and did three years' service before the war. He was in the Dunkirk battle as a corporal, was captured, escaped and got home by way of Gibraltar after incredible adventures and sufferings in France and Spain. He was then promoted sergeant, awarded the M.M. for conspicuous gallantry and initiative in action, and noted as "potential officer."

When I first saw Bill at Gibraltar he struck me as the ideal type of the modern soldier, knowing his profession inside-out and taking a sort of sporting delight in it, and therewith a good companion in any surroundings, and, above all, a fine chap to be in a scrap with, independent and resourceful, brave, frank and gay. If ever there was a knowledgeable "ranker" whom a good C.O. would give his eyes to have as a company officer, Bill was the man. But on looking him up in England a year later I find him sadly disillusioned. His hope of a commission, it seems, has faded, not because he is not a good enough soldier, but just because he is too good. Bored with inaction, routine drill and silly pinpricks from young officers with one-tenth of his service, he has indulged in a few mild escapades which brought him into collision with authority. First he tried to see whether he could fire the light machine-gun mounted on a motor-cycle at a target off the road when cornering at speed. He wrecked the motor-cycle and had to pay £8 for damage and got a bad mark on his record. But what really troubled the Powers that Be was his passion for improvisation on manoeuvres, where he brought off unrehearsed *coups* of his own with his section of Bren-gun carriers.

The climax came when Bill made a long *détour* through the woods, located the "enemy" Brigade Commander's headquarters, surrounded them and told the Brigadier he was his prisoner. This, you may remember, was just what happened to three British generals in Libya; indeed, that was what gave Bill the idea; and one would think a staff training troops in modern mobile warfare would be delighted to have the conditions reproduced. But the Brigadier was not amused. "God damn it, Sergeant," he shouted, "you can't capture me! I'm directing operations! I give you ten minutes to clear out of here!" Bill cleared, but the Brigadier's wrath followed him home; and the commission he innocently dreamed of looks more remote than ever to him now.

This and many like incidents prove that Colonel Blimp is by no means dead. And what is true of the new army's training is even truer of its social life. Any wide-awake young soldier will tell you that money and social standing are still powerful if not final considerations in the choice of officers. Yet the other services have shown that though a complete levelling-out of social distinctions in a military hierarchy may be neither possible nor desirable in a country not yet ripe for it, there is no need for the gulf still fixed in the British Army between officers and men. In the R.A.F., for instance, the sergeant-pilots, whose duties lead them to mix with commissioned officers on equal terms, are building an invaluable social bridge. They may have their separate mess at their home station, but in the air the pilot of a bomber may be a sergeant and the navigator an officer: the sergeant has the last word at the controls. The members of an aircraft crew, whatever their individual ranks, are in practice a small band of brothers who fly or fall together; and the regulations recognise this by providing that sergeant-pilots must give salutes and say "Sir" only to officers above a certain rank.

If the R.A.F. can do this so happily, why should not the Army do the same? At present Army N.C.O.s, though given the right of command over mere soldiers, have no recognised point of social contact with their officers off the parade-ground. The result is that the step from, say, sergeant to 2nd lieutenant is as difficult as ever socially; and the senior N.C.O.s who are Warrant Officers are the greatest sticklers for inequality. Foremost among them is the regimental sergeant-major, who knows so much about the regiment that the colonel is afraid of him. The R.S.M. is supposed to be a living link between the Commanding Officer and the rank-and-file. He is, in fact, more often than not, a sort of ferocious butler, ruling the Upper Servants' Hall of the regiment with a rod of iron and making a fetish of militant servility.

While this atmosphere persists in an army recruited to fight for democracy, it has long been dispelled in Hitler's legions. Innumerable witnesses testify that a genuine freemasonry exists between all ranks of the Nazi *Reichswehr*. In occupied France German officers—even very senior officers—and soldiers are often seen dining together without embarrassment on either side. If a Hitler can work such a miracle in the Prussian Officers' Corps, cannot a Churchill do something like it for our new armies? No violent disturbance is necessary; some minor reforms would destroy the class-barrier in no time if they were applied at the right point and, above all, strictly enforced. At present the C.O., who is a god in Mess, sets the social keynote of his unit and has altogether too much personal power in such matters. It is for the Army Council, not for individual officers, to see that anti-social habits are discouraged and that the out-dated conception of commissioned rank as a social preserve is consigned to the past where it belongs.

If this principle were loyally accepted, a few small changes in dress and custom would quickly break the ice and create a freer atmosphere. To begin with, all officers should be made to avoid appearances and mannerisms which accentuate the class cleavage between them and their N.C.O.'s. Then the N.C.O.'s themselves should be made to feel more like junior officers and less like slightly privileged "troops." They might, for instance, be allowed to wear collars and ties (like aircraftmen) with open necks to their walking-out tunics or battle-dress; and while officers gave up their swagger-canes, sergeants might be issued with slacks and brown shoes as undress kit. I know these suggestions will sound absurd to the conservative; but you must begin somewhere, and it is just these small things that do the trick.

Why should not every officers' mess have a weekly guest night for the N.C.O.'s, or at least the sergeants and warrant officers, of its own battalion? Such occasions would enable the all-powerful Commanding Officer to judge which of his N.C.O.'s would be happy with commissions much better than a series of awkward questions about what their fathers were and where they went to school. And why should not every man, of whatever rank, who is recommended for a commission be invited forthwith, as part of his training, to dine in the officers' mess, say, twice a week? This would enable "other ranks" to wear off their shyness painlessly; and many young officers might then discover that they could learn better sense—yes, and better manners, too—from some who had not their early advantages of birth and schooling.

DAVID SCOTT

A LONDON DIARY

REALLY, gentlemen, really! And at your age, too. Mr. Bevin should not say such things. It's no good denying it. I've at least two excellent and respectable witnesses who heard him doubt whether journalists who had ventured to differ from him were "Britishers or quislings." Just temper: an apology would be graceful and the incident should be forgotten. Mr. Bevin is a man of big calibre, but he should recognise that there are other points of view than those of the man who sits on the top. The toad beneath the harrow knows where the shoe pinches. The journalist is more in touch with the little man than members of the War Cabinet; he keeps his ear so close to the ground that he is almost certain to get a flea in it. Mr. Churchill also talked about the "natural and professional crab." But that, as the *Daily Herald* put it in an even more good-humoured editorial, was just an example of the Premier's aptitude for happy phrases which "is one of the rare amenities of these grim days."

* * *

One of the many reasons why Ministers should welcome informed and responsible criticism is that it expresses in constructive form the grievances and disappointments and frustration that otherwise turn sour and bitter and violent. There is too little, not too much information, and far too little explanation of Government policy. If there were more I doubt if extremist candidates would have scored such large minority votes in two recent by-elections. Note the nature of these votes; they are "win the war" votes given to candidates whose notion of victory is based on little except that we are all insufficiently savage. Savagery will not win this war; we need better planning and brain-work and far more realistic understanding of our situation. I recall the Pemberton-Billing period at the end of the last war. I recall the story which Thucydides tells of the Peloponnesian war; and how Pericles gave way to Cleon and Cleon to Hyperbolus. Hyperbolus won't get us or the world out of this mess.

* * *

I was glad to see Professor Berriedale Keith's strong article in *Reynold's* on the Abyssinian settlement. "We do not want," he points out, "to raise the suspicion in the United States that once again, under a politic formula, we are adding to the British Empire." We have promised in the Atlantic Charter (and many other places) to confer freedom by our arms. Are we doing so in Ethiopia? The need of temporary military occupation is clear enough; the need of European advisers is fully recognised by the Emperor. But, as Sir Sidney Barton, who knows Abyssinia as only the man who was Minister there before the Italian war can know it, has recently pointed out, Britain seems to be going far beyond the needs of military necessity. Above all, there is the difficulty of the South Africans. Africans might welcome English, American, Scandinavian and Indian advisers; but no South African, even if his individual heart is as pure as a lily in native matters, will be trusted by coloured people. To the African the home of racial discrimination and the philosophy that goes with it is not only Germany; it is also South Africa.

* * *

How far does the increase in the number of children and adolescents who come before Juvenile Courts really denote an increase in the number of young people "going to the bad"? What is the significance of the overcrowding of Remand Homes and Approved Schools. The Home Office and the Board of Education have recently issued a joint memorandum on the subject; I gather that they cannot get accommodation, staff and equipment for new Approved Schools quickly enough to keep up with the demand. The deduction made by the casual reader of the press would be that the younger generation is going all to pieces because father is at the war, mother in the factory and juvenile wages high, just as a little while ago "demoralisation" was put down to cinemas and dog-racing. If you go into the figures you come to the conclusion that there is a lot of exaggeration and irrelevance in this diagnosis. Comparatively few of those who come before the Courts are sent to the Approved Schools, and the chief reasons for the overcrowding of these schools are evacuation from dangerous areas and the scrapping of unsuitable premises. For the rest it is true that Approved Schools are more used than they used to be, mainly because the Courts more willingly send children to schools which are no longer regarded as juvenile prisons, but rather as special schools for education and training. That leaves us with the problem of the increase in the number of delinquents who come before the Courts. The war seems to have had little to do with it. The increase has been going on steadily ever since 1933 when the Children and Young Persons Act first came into force. Part of that explanation is that legal notice is now taken of all sorts of trivial offences which are now checked rather than punished. New Acts of Parliament create new offences. A boy riding a bicycle may now be charged with "causing himself (and his bicycle) to be drawn by a car or lorry"—an offence I very happily committed when I was young, without, as far as I can see, damaging society or proving myself any kind of anti-social monster. Again, a boy of 14 may be charged with "omitting to immobilise a rowing boat," or a girl of the same age may be charged with "entering a defence area without a permit," and so forth. If you rule out the large numbers who are charged with offences which suggest rather an adventurous phase than a criminal tendency, you will find that the main causes of juvenile delinquency are poverty, that is to say, relative poverty; the poverty of the boy, for instance, who has no bicycle when all the boys of his age have bicycles, or the poverty of the girl who is more shabby than her companions, steals money from the electric or gas meter, buys sweets with it and distributes them amongst her friends to compensate for her poor appearance and feeling of inferiority. The second factor, which constantly turns up in all the investigations, is tension in the home. The parents do not get on, or one of them is a step-parent. Apparently the fairy stories about the cruel step-mother have a real psychological foundation. Another factor, which a very experienced observer of these matters mentions to me, is the existence of large groups of children who are feeble-minded, silly and backward, but not mentally deficient, for whom special provision should be made in our educational system. But it all comes down to this. There is no separate problem of juvenile delinquency; it is part of our general failure to turn our society into a community.

* * *

A Poplar woman, who had been bombed out of her home, and had taken her children to near Newbury, was talking of the sort of home she wanted after the war—not a flat, however up to date, in the middle of London, but a little house, with a garden for her children to play in and vegetables to grow in. With a rich Cockney accent and a quick Cockney intelligence, she must be typical of thousands whose wants have changed with a changed way of life. The first speaker in a new series called "Making Plans," launched by the B.B.C. last Monday at 7.45, she was followed by others to whom the war had brought similar changes, including an insurance-agent who had become an engineer, a farmer who had become a building contractor, a draper's display man who had become a metal-turner in the Army. It was a brilliant idea to start a series on the often too academically presented subject of planning with three concrete instances of what individual men and women have learnt from an altered environment to desire. The aims of the speakers were as varied as their accents, but they were all intent upon a fuller and more sensible way of life. "I don't mind what I do," said one, "as long as my heart is in it." George Cadbury, the last speaker, spoke convincingly about the need for state-control of land, of building and of the location of industry. I was delighted by the skill with which persons with no experience of broadcasting had been led to express their own aims and in their own language, but with converging purposes. This series promises to be as good as anything the B.B.C. has ever given us.

* * *

Here are a few news items culled from the Continental press :—

Ersatz butter from specially prepared, deodorised whale oil has been substituted by a new *ersatz*: synthetic butter from coal, which was on show at a Nazi Ersatz Exhibition in Odense. Odense is in Denmark, which has long provided the world with the best butter.

Quitting Paris, where "art is to be centralised on New Order lines," important intellectual scientists and political figures have gone to the unoccupied provinces where they are extremely welcome because they bring with them what Sainte Beuve called "Civilisation Parisienne."

The Swedish paper *Goeteborgs Handels och Sjoefarts Tidning* declares that the Swedish people is against the New European Order and that Hitler's solemn promises are "nothing but opportunist declarations."

The Danish author-priest Kaj Munk (who wrote a successful anti-Nazi play, *The Melting Pot*) said in one of his Sunday Sermons: "Christ ignored the Roman hordes. . . . Power reduces to impotence at first those upon which it is being enforced and finally itself. . . ."

In an article entitled "Cowshed perspective," the *Voelkischer Beobachter* hurls insults at a "certain part of the Swiss press," which dared to suggest that some Swiss journalists who had been visiting Germany on a conducted tour had been bribed to arouse sympathy for Nazism.

The Danish Ministry of Justice has been forced by the Nazis to ban the import of Swedish papers (*Social Demokraten*, *Goeteborgs Handels*, *Dagens Nyheder*, etc.) because they publish articles about the rising tide of opposition in Nazi-occupied countries as well as in neutral countries. But the Danish press is not allowed to mention this ban.

The secret Polish newspaper *Polonia Poznianska* is still being printed and circulated, although 24 Poles have been court-martialled under the accusation of helping to spread "B.B.C. Lies" in Polish language.

Aryan Rabbits.—Only pure aryans (party members) are allowed to own kennels, breed rabbits, etc., in Germany: "We want to eliminate even the shadow of impure influence which might poison and hamper the work of National Socialist reconstruction. This process of purification is within the will of our Leader, and is vital for the future sake of the Greater Germany."

* * *

This fascinating story is said to come from a Russian Army report: During the fighting round Kremenchug a German officer of the reserve was taken prisoner. He was a man of nearly fifty, weak from loss of blood, the forefinger of his left hand torn off by a bomb splinter, and he was so exhausted that, many hours after his capture, he was still unable to answer the questions put to him by a Russian officer in a small village inn behind the lines.

The following particulars were at last elicited by patient interrogation: Profession: A schoolteacher of Munich. Member of the Nazi Party since 1928. Asked what he was fighting for, he shrugged his shoulders wearily, then broke into long and convulsive sobbing. The Russian officer offered cigarettes, but the German declined them. He was then put at a table in a corner of the room and given paper and pencil in the hope of distracting his mind. "If you think of anything to say, write it down," he was told.

Left alone, he made a few marks on the paper —circles, figures, etc.—then began writing. When the Russian interrogator returned, three hours later, he found the following manuscript, headed "Won and Lost." Under this title was written in a shaky hand: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Then followed a series of paired words, arranged as though in a dictionary :—

Peace ..	.. barbarism
Quietude	.. army life
Reverence	.. hatred
Soap ..	.. stinks
Blood ..	.. pus
Freedom	.. compulsion
Culture ..	.. filth
Individuality	.. an army number
Humour ..	.. grim earnest
Gaiety ..	.. tragic heroism
Contentment	.. fanatical obsession
Piety ..	.. brutality and cynicism
Moderation	.. false pathos
Enjoyment	.. misery
Man ..	.. beast
Nature ..	.. dynamite
Life ..	.. death

"I'm nuts," he muttered, as he handed the sheet to the Russian officer. The officer ran his eye over what was written. "No," he said, "you are on the road to sanity."

Critic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Sue Ozanne.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Major Dunn, the Commandant, who returned to-day, called together all the Fascist leaders of the 50 houses or more into which the camp is divided.

Each house has a group leader for organisation purposes, and when these leaders were taken to the Albert Hall, Major Dunn, present with most of his military officer staff, said:

"I am disgusted at the manner in which you have behaved in my absence. I thought you would play the game. I can tell you that unless you do behave as is expected of you, we shall be using disciplinary measures which so far are not known to you."

Among the men are some who went to public schools.—*News Chronicle.*

Fines totalling £10 and a driving ban of a year were imposed in Glasgow yesterday on Hugh Johnstone, who admitted driving a steam-roller while under the influence of drink.—*News Chronicle.*

Mrs. Bunce went to make bombs; small, pretty bombs, turned and shaped by her gentle, domesticated hands.—*Daily Express.*

Even the most casual observer of current events must be aware that big changes have been taking place in Russia during the past twenty-five years.—*Birmingham Post.*

The engagement is announced (Sept. 15) between THOMAS JAMES, 25 Park Road East, Birkenhead, elder son of Mr. and Mrs McQuade (late of 61 Rundle Street, Birkenhead), second nephew of Lord Fisher, First Admiral of the Fleet during last war (1914–18), also second grandson to Lord Robert John Dunlop, and second cousin to Sir William Dunlop, who was onetime Governor of Queensland, the nephew also of Mère Marie Andrée, who escaped from Belgium and is now in London, and SUSAN, only daughter of Mr. Doran, Mill Street, Newry, Northern Ireland. —Advt. in *Liverpool Echo*.

HABITATION OF BITTERNS

"... When London shall be an habitation of bitterns; when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh ..."—SHELLEY.

If London were the bittern's habitation,
A nameless and illimitable fen,
Become through transatlantic mass-migration
An empty and unpeopled marsh again;
If nettles throve in Whitehall's howling spaces,
If Piccadilly were a place of skulls
And nothing visited the market places
But sparrows and the pigeons and the gulls,

If in the Mansion House the brown owl hooted,
If in the Law Courts, permanently cleared,
The bindweed with the willowherb disputed
And nothing moved on 'Change but old man's beard,
If herons fished beside the mere at Wapping,
If Billingsgate were fringed with osier stems,
If ouzels skimmed the silver ripples lapping
The seven broken bridges of the Thames,

Amid the universal demolition
Beneath the ivied, architectural crag
Some unrecorded human apparition
Would scatter breadcrumbs from a paper bag,
Where City sites, eternally vacated
Yawned in a solitude beyond all words,
The last of London's residents belated,
Someone would still be there to feed the birds.

SAGITTARIUS

YOUTH AND AGE

I do not know who began the controversy about the respective merits of youth and age, but I have no doubt it will still be going on when the last old man and the last young man are left confronting each other on the chilling crust of a moribund earth. What they will say to each other I cannot foretell. It may be that the old man will say bitterly, "I told you so," and that the young man will reply with equal bitterness, "I could have stopped this." On the other hand, the old man may observe regretfully, "It's all my fault for keeping things in my own hands," and the young man may reply, "No, it's my fault for not paying more heed to your experience." For the attitude of age to youth and of youth to age varies from one generation to another, so that in one period modern youth is regarded as a national disaster and in another period it is looked on as the only hope for the world's salvation. Youth, indeed, has been belaboured and belauded by turns.

Probably the conservative-minded have always been inclined to be suspicious of youth. Even in the most respectable eras they complained that young people were not what they used to be and that, as a result, morals and manners were in a state of disruption. Many Victorian parents believed that their Victorian children were heading for the dogs, and the Victorian children, having grown old, thought much the same of their sons and daughters. I doubt, however, whether talk about the young and the old, as though they were two conflicting races, was ever so general as it has been in the present century.

Stevenson,, it is true, wrote a paradoxical defence of youth contrasted with age in an essay in *Virginibus Puerisque*, and many boys, after reading it, felt for an hour or two wiser than their fathers. In this way, the young turned the tables pleasantly on their Victorian elders, but as yet there was no widespread attack on the aged as a mob of slippered pantaloons.

The first general assault on age took place early in the present century, when employers began to sack or to refuse work to men approaching the age of forty. Men of thirty-six found it impossible to get jobs even as clerks, though one would imagine that a clerk could continue to work efficiently as long as a judge or a cabinet minister. The papers were filled with the laments of men who were told that they were "too old at forty," and there was much dyeing of hair and concealment of ages. The movement against age took on a new aspect during the last war, when a number of people started the theory that old men were to blame for the war that was raging through Europe. Some of them even went so far as to say that men who were too old to fight were callously sacrificing their sons; and bereaved parents were depicted, not as human beings suffering grief as old as David's but as creatures filled with blood-lust who fought by proxy through the younger generation while saving their own skins. One tailor who held this view announced in an advertisement that till the end of the war he would make no more clothes for (presumably wicked) men over forty years of age. This extraordinary misreading of human nature and of the depths of its tragedies was, of course, not common, but it was common enough in some circles.

After the war modern youth was for a time popular. For one thing, it had won the war, and nearly everybody was glad to see hundreds of thousands of votes showered on it. The papers were filled with articles, some of them written by modern youth, suggesting that modern youth alone could save the world. Modern age, however, became gradually more and more suspicious of modern youth as a sort of riotous cocktail party at which painted girls eternally smoked cigarettes and behaved themselves as unlike Queen Victoria as possible. Word went round that modern youth was slack. Oxford trousers seemed a symbol of a generation that was lounging into perdition. And so the controversy continued, wobbling from one side to the other, till in later days the young men in the Royal Air Force brought down the balance on the side of modern youth again.

To me it seems that the antithesis between youth and age has been overdone. That there are differences between the young and the old as there are between men and women is undeniable; but neither the young nor the old have a monopoly of wisdom or have the right to regard themselves as a *Herrenvolk* capable without the others' aid of building a new and perfect order. It is difficult even to define the words "young" and "old." For the purpose of playing Rugby football a man may be too old at thirty; but for the purpose of writing poetry Thomas Hardy at eighty was more vigorous than most young poets in their twenties. "Youth's a stuff will not endure," said Shakespeare; but in fact many men in old age achieve a second blooming. It is a mistake, I agree—in war or politics, for example—to choose men as leaders merely because they are old; but might it not be equally a mistake to choose men as leaders merely because they are young? Some men are born old, and are as foolish at twenty-one as they will be at ninety.

Hence I did not quite agree with Mrs. Neville-Rolfe when, at a British Association conference the other day, she demanded that more power should be given to the young. "I protest," she said, "against the old in mind and the old in years who stand in the places where we need the clearsightedness of youth." The old in mind—yes, the sooner they are retired on a pension the better. But it seems to me that a man may be old in years and yet possess clearsightedness beyond most of the youth of his time. "The atrocious crime of being a young man," said the younger Pitt, "I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny." But might not the octogenarian Gladstone have said with equal force: "The atrocious crime of being an old man I will neither palliate nor deny"? It is a mistake to my mind to regard either youth or age as a crime or as a virtue. If a man is the best man for his job, there is no need to ask to see his birth certificate.

Mrs. Neville-Rolfe is, of course, right when she says that "the young people should be allowed to participate in the post-war effort." They should not only be allowed, they should insist (as they will) on being allowed. But I am not so sure of her rightness when she goes on to say: "I would urge that at least one-third of every governing body should be under twenty-five years old. William Pitt was Prime Minister at twenty-three." To say this implies, or very nearly implies, that during the last century and a half there have been a number of mute inglorious Pitts aged twenty-three who might have led and saved their country if they had not been kept in the background by their elders. This may be a fact, but I find it hard to believe it. Youth in the nineteenth century had in the richer classes every chance to produce a sequence of Pitts, but it did not produce even one. Gladstone became Prime Minister in 1892 not because of his old age but in spite of it, the truth being that there was no young man in the Liberal Party who possessed his genius for leadership. He was succeeded by the comparatively young Lord Rosebery who, far from being clear-sighted, wrecked his party for a generation.

Men, it seems to me, are neither the better nor the worse for being young. The young, like the old, are a mixed lot, few of them clear-sighted and most of them capable of making enormous mistakes. To thrust numbers of young men into governing bodies, regardless of the consideration whether they are the best men for the posts, would surely be a rash experiment. In the past, on the other hand, no doubt, the scales have been unfairly weighted on the side of age. For one thing, the older men have had most of the money, which enabled them to take up a political career. For another thing, undue respect has been paid to age as something that brings a man experience, and, along with experience, wisdom. It is unhappily possible to grow old without becoming either experienced or wise. A capacity for experience is something with which a man has to be born. "You always amuse me, Cecil," says Lord Darlington to the youthful Cecil Graham in *Lady Windermere's Fan*. "You talk as if you were a mass of experience." "I am," replies Cecil. "You are far too young," says Lord Darlington. "That is a great error," replies Cecil. "Experience is a question of instinct about life. I have got it." There is a good deal of truth in this flippancy of Wilde's. In this sense Pitt was more experienced at twenty-three than any of the sexagenarians among his followers.

In this controversy about the rival merits of youth and age I speak with knowledge, for I know that I should have been incompetent as a member of any governing body at twenty-five, and that I should be equally incompetent as a member of any governing body to-day. There are other people, both young and old, with greater gifts of management than the rest of us, and I only wish that there were not so few of them. Let them be chosen for office, then, because of their gifts and not because of their birthdays.

After all, has not a great deal of the trouble in the present world been brought about by youth movements? The conclusion of the whole matter is: better a wise old man than a foolish young one, and, more or less, *vice versa*. Y. Y.

SOLDIERS ON THE PLATFORM

Look how these young, bare, bullock faces know
With a simplicity like drawing breath,
That out of happiness we fall on woe,
And in the midst of life we are in death.

See with what staring sameness each one stands,
His laden shoulders, and his scoured hands.
But each behind his wall of flesh and bone
Thinks with this secret he is armed alone.

FRANCES CORNFORD

DUBLIN IN WARTIME

Dublin is an eternal city like Rome or Edinburgh or Moscow or Munich or Damascus. It is impossible to walk for five minutes in its streets without seeing buildings or vistas that are gracious, distinguished or exciting. Dublin's squalor has a glow about it. The patina of filth and ruination spread over the fine old Georgian houses in the slums seems almost to have been laid on by the hand of a Master. The Liffey, treacly with ordure, rumbles through with a grand air. Some of the raggedest and dirtiest men west of the Levant show a gallantry in their dejection. The beggar women on every curb exalt the state of mistery.

Where the slums have not infiltrated the city is dignified and gay. It looks maroon and silver in the pearly light. It is adorned by the most beautiful girls in the world. Since I was there last, most of them have taken to bicycles and they flash past like hashish dreams. The policemen, too, are the largest I have ever seen. They are now called Guards.

The shop windows are full of shoes, of suits, of expensive underclothing, of meat, of sweets, of groceries, of strawberries, of books (of a sort), of drinks, of flowers. To a greedy and luxurious person, straight from the rigours of rationing, the place is paradise. Even tobacco can be bought, though cigarettes have recently become as expensive as they are in the war zone. Coal, tea and petrol appear to be the only important things that are short. But tea is drunk steadily all morning in Mitchell's and all afternoon in the Shelbourne. There appear to be more cars and omnibuses on the streets than there were three years ago. In some private houses coal fires were burning at the end of a not particularly arctic May.

Beauty parlours abound. The painted stocking has not yet appeared in Dublin in any great numbers. Bars, from the strictly utilitarian pub to the platinum and scarlet cocktail palace, are numerous and crowded within the limits of the licensing hours and occasionally beyond those limits. All day in the churches hundreds of people are praying. Little brides of the Lord, in their white dresses and wreaths and veils are led along fussily by their retinue of parents and aunts. There is a fair sprinkling of the rich; tidy old dandies with loose knee joints, thrustful women in tweeds, lacy dowagers, curled athletic young men with Liberty neckties, bold young women in motley paint and powder, well-shaved professional men with black hats and brief-bags. Soldiers and exotic looking sailors of the Eire navy are common. The soldiers wear a dull, pale-green uniform with bull's blood leggings. They look tough, but most of them show an un-Tommy-like consciousness of fancy dress. The officers are strong, stubborn-looking fellows with a countryfied look about them. As horse-racing appears to go on almost continually, the city is full of the horse's acolytes and worshippers with their leathery faces, parboiled eyes and habitual allowance of one woman to five men. Numbers of black West Indian students are to be seen, and the cosmopolitan scene is enriched by some undulating youths in bright pull-overs and sandals, who are said to have exported themselves from London at the threat to their temperaments of compulsory military service. A letter or two to the local newspapers have suggested that they are unwelcome.

Of these newspapers there are at least half a dozen, and the shortage of paper does not seem to concern them. They can best be described as ordinary high-grade journalism with passages of wit. They hardly reflect the extraordinary hotbed of literary talent that Ireland is. Their comments on current affairs are restrained and responsible, and even the papers with a strong anti-British tradition give relative prominence to Ministry of Information news. One of them, the *Irish Times*, is as pro-British as the *Northern Whig* or the *Belfast Newsletter*.

Other periodical literature is very scanty. *Dublin Opinion* shows some liveliness and daring in the convention of the *New Yorker* with much less pre-occupation with sex. There is also a large number of strictly Catholic journals not easily distinguishable in make-up and content from English parish magazines. H. L. Morrow has organised an *Irish Digest* on the lines of the *English Digest*, in which contemporary writings and ideas are very competently compressed. *The Bell*, a well-printed pocket review, has reached the third number of its second volume. It is edited by Sean O'Faolain, who has Frank O'Connor, Roisin Walsh, Maurice Walsh, Eamonn Martin and Peadar O'Donnell on his editorial board. It is concerned principally with literature, art and the theatre, and is free from any political bias, though it opens its pages to articles on economics and local government. It is handicapped by a not very enlightened censorship, but wisely does what it can within the limits laid down for it.

The more sober English periodicals are on sale in the shops and cowboy-detective-mill-girl-baronet literature is lavishly displayed. I saw no American papers during my visit.

I missed the Royal Hibernian Academy (no great loss). The one painter in Ireland who makes his own fashions is Jack Yeats. The National Gallery remains the most cleverly selected and beautifully hung collection of pictures that can possibly be imagined. It is not easy to be so polite about the National Theatre.

The Abbey Theatre has been for years a beacon to those who think a theatre should express a country's sentiment and the flowering of its own proper imaginings. I, who have loved it, followed it, honoured it, bathed in its mild and magnificent eye, was saddened by the two performances I saw in it. The plays had little positively bad about them and very much indeed that was good. At least two actors of the first rank were in both productions—Ria Mooney and F. J. McCormick—and most of the rest were more than competent. But some of them were a good deal less than competent. Patches of amateurishness in both plays had not been ironed out. The sets, lighting and production were rough and ready. The last play of the season was a revival of what was, in fact, an elongated trial scene without much intrinsic interest. The whole atmosphere of the theatre suggested a complacent management misled by a complacent audience.

Two incidents, one of them rather dingy, had enlivened this somnolent theatre some time before my visit. The dingy incident was the insertion into a play of what appears to have been a gross and tasteless caricature of a distinguished living Irishman. It is fair to say that intention was disclaimed by the author and by the management.

The other was the production of Lennox Robinson's dramatic version of Maupassant's *Boule de Suif*. This story, you will recall, was about a fat, good-natured French prostitute shunned by a party of refugees on their way across the frontier at the end of the Franco-Prussian War. The Prussian officer at the frontier post made the woman's complaisance a condition of their safe passage. The other refugees besought and cajoled, Boule de Suif consented to oblige the Prussian officer professionally and the passage was granted. The refugees duly registered their horror at the immoral and unpatriotic conduct of Boule de Suif.

After the first performance the board of censors ordered that no further performances were to take place. The ostensible grounds were that the play was obscene. It was generally understood, however, that the German representative in Eire had put in the strongest possible protest and that action was taken as a result. The Abbey Theatre gallantly put the play on for a second night, but the Guards intervened and performances had to be abandoned.

The censorship is troublesome. It is administered by a small committee of devout men without any pronounced literary affinities. Like most religiously minded laymen they go much further than the rulers of the Church in their duties as watchdogs on public morals. To show that they must have some crippling effect on the development of Irish letters, it is only necessary to quote some of the writers some of whose works may not be read in Eire. Their names are Bernard Shaw, George Moore, James Joyce, Liam O'Flaherty, W. B. Yeats, Lennox Robinson, J. M. Synge, Sean O'Faolain, Sean O'Casey, Frank O'Connor, Brinsley MacNamara, Paul Vincent Carroll, Kate O'Brien, F. R. Higgins, Rearden Connor, Elizabeth Connor, Austin Clarke, Louis D'Alton. There are other names. A novel of Kate O'Brien's was banned the other day on the strength of a single sentence.

Now at least a dozen of these names are known throughout the civilised world. For any body of individuals to decide what they shall or shall not say is a piece of breath-taking impertinence. It is not surprising that Irish men of letters have a harassed and pariah-like aspect and are disinclined to think nobly of the future. It is small wonder that some of them have developed a Power or a Jamieson complex and are persuaded that Guinness is the only good.

Remember, they take their work seriously. Not long ago the late F. R. Higgins, a sick man not far from his deathbed, stood up bravely in the back room of the Palace public-house in defence of the poet McNeice. His antagonist spoke words that were not to be borne. Higgins' fighting days were over, but a champion was readily found who answered the enemy to the New Poetry with blows. In a little there was a mellée. Grave men put their spectacles in their cases and handed the cases to the barman and joined in the fray. Respectable fathers of families telephoned their wives that they would be late for dinner, rolled up their wristbands and fell to fighting. It is said that the battle lasted for an hour and a half and that blood was flowing downstairs into the cellar. What the issue was I cannot tell you. It is interesting that the police did not intervene here. In Dublin the police have a respect for high matters and do not interfere in their legitimate discussion.

To-day the Palace is a peaceful place. The stout is in good condition; the caricatures round the walls are very good; and the talk is excellent. Literary Dublin has lost Yeats and Higgins by death. Gogarty is, in some capacity or other, on the staff of the Duke of Windsor at Bermuda (and the thought that he is so gives pleasure to his Dublin friends). Starkie is in Madrid. But there is a bright and shining residue.

JAMES BRIDIE

Correspondence

THE PROBLEM OF PRODUCTION

[We have received many letters dealing with the issues raised by the article on the "Technician's Point of View," published in our issue of September 13th. Owing to paper shortage we can give no more than selections from some of these letters.—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

Let us face the facts. There is considerable apathy among the workers. Where Sunday work has not been abandoned, absenteeism on this day is extremely high. In my own factory it has been as high as 30 per cent. What is the cause of this? Are the workers idle? No, of course not, but they are tired; they are "browned off" with long hours, long speeches, long-winded managements, and the absence of a battlefront for which to provide arms. We must realise that while there is a deep and ever-growing sympathy for our Soviet allies, this has not as yet struck the mass of the British workers as being their direct responsibility. Because British troops are not fighting and do not seem likely to fight in the near future, there is a tendency to take up the attitude of "why worry? there's plenty of time." Furthermore, the organisation of industry has changed but little; the boss still runs the show, plus a great many more officials than the least intelligent capitalist would employ if the Government were not footing the bill. And so the worker sees that, in spite of all the talk of this being the most holy and righteous of all wars, the same old gang rake in the profits and corner all the good jobs. The golden rule of capitalism still prevails: "It's not what you know, but whom you know" that determines all executive positions. In face of all this direct evidence, no amount of propaganda will convince the worker that this is a People's war, for which he should be prepared to make sacrifices without question.

This is an extremely grave situation, and one which cannot be remedied in any mean, niggling way. In order to make the workers face up to their responsibility they must be allowed to shoulder this responsibility. There is no other solution. Production must cease to be a managerial responsibility; it must become the direct responsibility of the workers on the job. Through the Trade Unions and their shop stewards' organisation, production committees must be established and given full rights to operate. Right of assembly, at present withheld in so many factories under D.O.R.A., must be re-established. Workers should be encouraged to assemble at proper times to discuss the problems and difficulties which are holding up production. They are capable of solving these in a manner which will amaze the bone-heads who have allowed the problems to develop.

As a worker in an ammunition factory which is still attempting to "reorganise" after two years of war, I am convinced that there is no effective alternative to workers' control, along the lines I have suggested, if we are to really win this war. I trust that your paper will use its influence in support of these proposals. MUNITION WORKER

A young scientist with most impressive qualifications, who had held an important position for a world-famous concern, in the uniform of a sergeant-pilot of the R.A.F. He had secured an appointment in a certain research station of the Civil Service. Here he speedily found that he had nothing to do but fill up forms in sextuplicate, though where they went he was never able to discover. He escaped from his useless jobs, joined the R.A.F. and was killed last week while pilot of a night fighter. Another young man, fluent in five languages, was allowed to remain an ordinary seaman and was killed on a destroyer. F. R. CRIPPS

I am a physicist at present in a large industrial establishment working on war production. I work in a small development department. In peacetime we were tolerated as a sort of inevitable nuisance. We were given freedom to carry out experiments as long as we did not interfere with the normal running of the factory. We frequently had great difficulty in discovering simple facts about factory processes, because foremen and men thought that we were trying to catch them out. After some months of war the position gradually changed. A whole host of problems arose. The management was quite unable to cope with them and readily called us in. This was our chance and we took it. We have penetrated into many departments which before were quite closed to us. Our relations with foremen and men have improved considerably. Many of them come direct to us with suggestions or criticisms which are often sound and helpful. Most of the workers are extremely interested in scientific work as far as they can understand it, and will take the greatest care in carrying out instructions.

INDUSTRIAL PHYSICIST

I studied chemistry for a number of years. On the outbreak of war I submitted my name to the Supplementary Register, and for two years have not heard a word. In the Government labs. I was told that as my parents were aliens, friendly, of course—Poles to be exact—I was disqualified from the start. DISQUALIFIED

In a Ministry of Supply establishment, as far as the non-industrial staff is concerned, the Departmental Whitley Council would take a very keen interest in the charges of inefficiency and mismanagement. The answer to your writer is—join his appropriate union, then get his union to flog the grievances on the Whitley Council.

E. C. H. SMITH

Unskilled manual labourers employed on work of national importance can earn from £4 to £10, whilst the skilled agricultural worker engaged in work of greater national importance can earn only 48*s.*—in many counties 51*s.* from September 1st. Mr. Hudson is calling for thousands more on the land, but certainly the present wage levels will not attract workers to the land if allowed any choice.

GILBERT M. MARSON

HUMAN PLANNING

SIR,—I am among those readers—and there must be many—who are extremely grateful for Tom Harrisson's article in your issue of September 27th. It said just those things about post-war planning which most needed to be said. I want to follow up one sentence. Mr. Harrisson says: "The war provides a magnificent opportunity for building a better Britain afterwards." Does it? Surely we had the opportunity before the war; we missed it, and if we are to make a new opportunity out of poverty and disillusion we must have a real will to plan for human needs, and we must realise the revolutionary nature of the changes we intend to make. One often hears the glib remark (not from Mr. Harrisson) that the bombing has cleared the way for new and better building. Except in a few slum areas—for example, in parts of East London, where, in any case, the clearance was in progress, and could have been carried out better without the bombs—this is sheer nonsense. Bombs fall on buildings good, bad and indifferent, new and old. In typical instances, 6 houses out of 40 forming a dreary Victorian terrace, bordering a tram route, are destroyed; so are 10 houses on an estate of 100 thoroughly badly built tawdry villas, but villas which, nevertheless, have modern conveniences and small gardens, and are prized by their owners. Now the test for post-war reconstruction is this. Have we the courage to destroy the rest of the Victorian terrace and the jerry-built villas and replan the sites, or not? (Obviously their rebuilding would be part of a long-term programme; the houses would not come down at once.) This question, in the realm of one branch of physical planning, is merely an index, but upon our answer to it everything depends. The war has certainly not given us material resources to rebuild a better Britain: if it has made us think, made us realise the fatuity and cruelty of our pre-war society, and if it has not only challenged thought but produced a will to change, then we need not worry about our reconstruction committees; their task will be easy and their burden light. IRENE T. BARCLAY

118 Eversholt Street, N.W.1.

SIR,—Planning a better life for humanity is not merely a question of documentation of thoughts and the results of environment, as Mr. T. Harrisson states in that article. Neither is it a question of bleating that the solution of unhappiness and discontent is more Christianity. Nor is the Architect with his brick and mortar schemes getting to the roots of the matter any speedier. The rank socialist would nationalise everything and level everyone, but the best of socialists seem to panic for the top places. The die-hard conservative would "empire" everything and keep everyone except himself down to a certain level; he would not need then to scramble for the top places.

All phases of human thought and activity nibble at the vast problem but each nibble provides no adequate meal. In addition to the above factors, various powers may be said to have a "precessive" action. Push them from one angle and they appear with equal force from the flanks.

These powers are: (1) Vested Interests. (2) The Church. (3) Indifference of the masses of people to long-term planning. (4) The fly swimming through treacle speed of the Civil Service in helping real reforms. (5) The people's gullibility, due to poor standard of education in thinking. (6) The Crown and all its props.

Space does not permit, and you probably do not wish a lengthy discourse on the ramifications involved by these latter six points.

What I wish to express is the need for Leadership by New Statesmen—Leadership which, as Mr. Harrisson states, must mould and educate needs, iron our illogical resistances and co-ordinate the people who would documentate, christianise, replan cities, replan the communications and industries and socialise. The Conservative element I trust would be practically discarded by the co-ordinator as having had a jolly good fling and made two jolly good messes. GERARD K. COOPER

"Norfolk Reeds," 36 Derby Road,
Beeston, Nottingham.

THE CANTEEN

SIR,—Anxious, like many others, to do a true job of national importance, I volunteered for mess-room work in an aerodrome, was interviewed in London and was engaged at once on a salary of 25*s.* a week which included living in. After unending hard work there for four months, this is my report.

At this aerodrome the pupils' mess-rooms were run by eighteen civilian girls (myself included) ageing from 18 to 35. About six of the girls came from domestic colleges and others included typists, a shop assistant, a factory worker, a matron of a university, an art student, some from hotels, etc. etc. These girls were supervised by a manageress, who in turn was responsible to the Catering Supervisor. All, with the exception of the Catering Supervisor, lived in a large farmhouse 3½ miles from the 'drome. It was the duty of one girl each week to stay behind at the farm and "keep house." One girl had to cope—as best she could—with the cleaning of twelve large rooms, four coal fires, two untrained animals, meals for the two girls off each day and hot supper for eighteen in the evening, and attending to any invalids.

The other girls (that is excluding the "housekeeper") were wakened at 5.45 a.m. and in thirty minutes had to be washed (only cold water for washing in the mornings), dressed and beds made—less than two minutes for each person in the one and only bathroom. A van was supposed to take us to the 'drome, but time and time again it broke down and we had to run the 3½ miles in blackness and bitter cold, arriving late and consequently missing our own breakfasts.

The serving of breakfast, lunch and high teas to the men was always, without exception, done in an uproar—everything a tearing rush and in absolute chaos. The milkman never arrived until halfway through breakfast—therefore no milk for tea and porridge or cereals for the first batch of men. Repeatedly boilers were not lit soon enough by the kitchen boys, so tea was made in the urns with luke-warm water; no hot plate, so the food got cold; not enough plates or mugs or knives, spoons or forks, consequently while men waited, girls dashed into the dining-rooms and frantically scooped up crockery, rushed back with it to the kitchen, hurled it into murky water, then without drying rushed it to the servery to be used again. Because of slimy, mud-covered floors, when collecting crockery one was liable to skid and go hurtling to the ground without warning—piles of plates were broken this way. I skidded three times, twice with piles of plates that smashed and one with a tray of cruets, becoming covered in mustard, salt and pepper and broken glass. When the floors were very bad we had to "crawl" across them with bent legs and stooping shoulders—even then one never knew! Sugar and jam was all used up before the late comers. All hot water had to be carried in buckets from outside and the knives were not stainless. Often there was no soap to wash up or clean with—just imagine being confronted with thousands of bacon-greasy plates and no soap! Sick-bay crockery was mixed with the crockery used by the rest of the men.

No doubt because of the bad conditions under which we worked we became subject to peculiar complaints which passed from one to the other. To give examples: shocking sore throats which lasted about two weeks, giddiness and sickness, eye trouble, lumbago, laryngitis, earache, 'flu, etc., etc. One girl suffering from 'flu was left in bed and practically neglected as no one had any time to attend to her needs, until at the end of six weeks she got up and went home, and has not been heard of since. Another girl got very run-down and ill through strain of overwork, and when she recovered was given notice. Two of our best girls were sacked because they were accused of grumbling and spreading discontent amongst the others. One or two girls who did not pull their weight were permitted to drift along in their own way.

The work was hard—yes! We expected that. But under heartbreaking conditions that could be remedied, it was soul destroying. Why couldn't we have the tools and equipment? Why, in these times, did we have to spend hours every day cleaning old knives that were not stainless? Why was there no system? Why were some girls allowed to shirk? Our complaints were not hidden under a bushel, they were taken more than once to the Catering Supervisor and Manageress, but their reply in so many words was—there's a war on. "W.A.A.F.s have to sleep forty in a room. What are you grumbling about?"

But thank heavens I belong to a country that enables me to say "There's something wrong here!" I feel the better for it already. Thank heavens, too, I know of many Government concerns that are efficiently run. That's not the point, of course, but it makes me feel better. Patricia Reynolds

SUDETENS

Sir,—Your Polish correspondent's conclusions on Allied conscription seem to apply also to the case of Sudeten-German refugees.

In the August issue of the *Fortnightly* a series of statements was published, said to represent the views of some Allied Governments in London regarding the policy of their respective countries after the war. The Czechoslovak statement proposes the permanent cession to Germany of some of the Sudeten districts, and the transfer of the majority of the remaining Sudeten-German population to the Reich, in order to make Czechoslovakia an "ethnographically more homogeneous state." Also German minorities in the interior of Czechoslovakia, such as those at Prague, Bruenn, Iglau, etc., are not to be "tolerated" any longer, and are to be subject to an "inner migration." There is no mention of asking for the consent of the people concerned.

President Benes subscribes to the principle of transfer of populations, and other statements by Czech circles in London likewise convey the impression that it is the settled policy of the Czechoslovak Government to rid itself of the greater part of the three million Sudeten-Germans, prevailingly by expulsion.

The plan for expulsion is put forward with explicit reference to the example Hitler has set concerning the transfer of minorities. Are the Allies fighting Hitler in order to apply Hitlerite methods on a still larger scale after his overthrow?

As regards Allied conscription, would it be fair to compel Sudeten-Germans in this country to serve in the army of a Government which intends to expel their people? Among them, the position of men whose homes are in the unspecified border districts to be ceded to Germany for good would be particularly complicated.

Those who desire an "ethnographically more homogeneous state" and propose for the sake of this nationalist tenet to drive a million people or more out of their homes, should certainly content themselves with an "ethnographically more homogeneous army." Pending the clarification of the Sudeten problem, the implications of which go far beyond the question of expulsion or non-expulsion, strong moral and political objections must be raised against compulsory service for Sudeten-Germans in the Czechoslovak army. These men were among the first to stand in arms against Hitler in 1938, and it was not their fault that they were prevented from fighting on. They certainly cannot be suspected of wishing to evade fighting. But they ought at least to be given the alternative to serve in the British Army, which would also safeguard them against the spirit of racial chauvinism reported to prevail in the Czechoslovak army. A Sudeten-German

FUTURE OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Sir,—Your correspondent, C. A. Smith, has much to say that is apt about Public Schools and their place in the social scheme; and no doubt the policy he suggests of "by-passing" the existing schools by developing the State schools more generously may commend itself to the critics of the present system.

But there is in his letter a suggestion which goes far beyond this—viz., that State Boarding Schools should be established. The majority of Public Schools are Boarding Schools. But what would be gained by extending vastly this very doubtful practice of segregating children from the natural community life of the family? Many children also enjoy happy group life connected with the local churches, etc., and the community of "Our Street" is a living thing in many districts. If the homes of the "Elementary School child" are unsuitable, the solution is not to take the child from them, but to improve housing and local amenities. Again, as the Village College movement has shown, it would be good for local cultural centres to develop out of the day-school; and we could look to the day when parents might find happy interests in such centres. We should aim at helping family life to be richer by educational development.

But there are also the interests of the teachers to be considered. Boarding schools mean that men and women are called upon not only for teaching but for organising leisure, for supervision and for a seven-day week of contacts with the immature. Teachers also have homes and lives of their own. What a grim prospect opens up if Boarding School life is to be normal for a large proportion—even if not for all! The ablest critics of Public Schools have emerged from the ranks of Public School masters and ex-P.S. boys—and one of their strongest indictments of Boarding School life is based upon its effect on the staff. To impoverish the lives of men and women teachers, to segregate them, to make it impossible for them to have full independent home life outside school is hardly the line of progress.

F. D. Rudwick

L.C.C. HOSPITALS

Sir,—The letter from Mr. Frank D. Long criticising Mr. Ritchie Calder's article about L.C.C. hospitals, includes certain statements in regard to the Maudsley Hospital which create an entirely wrong impression.

Mr. Long states that Mr. Grey Walter made all his substantial advances in the development of the electro-encephalograph as a result of the research he was able to carry out at the Maida Vale Hospital for Nervous Diseases, and that there was no clinical material at the Maudsley Hospital. Mr. Grey Walter, who was subsidised for his special research work by a grant from America, worked at the Maudsley Hospital under the Director of the Council's Central Pathological Laboratory (Dr. F. Golla), a paid full-time officer of the Council, who directed research work in the Council's mental health services generally, and, under arrangements made by Dr. Golla, clinical material for the development of the electro-encephalograph was supplied among patients at the Maudsley Hospital and the London County Mental Hospitals in addition to patients at Maida Vale Hospital. This was fairly acknowledged by Mr. Grey Walter himself in the Council's Archives of Neurology and Psychiatry, Vol. XIII, 1937. Maida Vale Hospital came into the research because the Director of the Council's Central Pathological Laboratory, who was also a consultant at that hospital, knew that there were there cases of suspected cerebral tumour of which it would be beneficial to take records by means of the electro-encephalograph.

Again, Mr. Long states that the Maudsley Hospital is supported by voluntary gifts from America, and that the Maudsley does not cost the L.C.C. ratepayers a farthing for research.

Actually the Maudsley Hospital costs the ratepayers of London large sums of money, a substantial proportion of which was for improved methods of investigation and treatment in the nature of research. The Maudsley Hospital, which everyone admits was a pioneer in work of its kind in this country—indeed, in the British Empire—did not invite, but *attracted* interest from research bodies in America, because it had become established as a municipal training, teaching and research hospital in the realms of psychiatry and neurology. Certain gifts and grants made were offered and gladly accepted to further the interests of progress; but the grants made for research represented, comparatively speaking, only a small part of the expenses of research work at the Maudsley and the London County Mental Hospitals with which the Maudsley was linked.

The London County Council, in regard to its work at the Maudsley Hospital, has never sought to become exclusive, but rather to be universal in its outlook, and it has endeavoured, as a municipal organisation, to lead and to stimulate progress in the unexplored realms of mental health. To this end assistance from any source and co-operation with any outside body has been welcomed.

The County Hall, R. Sargood,
London, Chairman of the Mental Hospitals
S.E.1. Committee, London County Council.

JUSTICE FOR BABIES

Sir,—All honour to Expectant Father for his championship of our cause. Being entirely in agreement with him on the inadequacy of the coupon ration, I wish only to add three further points.

(1) The 50 coupons cannot be claimed until the sixth month of pregnancy. By the time this stage is reached most of us will have been forced to make considerable changes in our own wardrobe, and it is also desirable that we shall have made at least some preparations for the coming event. In order to do this we have to draw heavily on our ordinary ration, and if any mishap should occur before the sixth month is reached we shall presumably find ourselves with a now useless assortment of garments and a depleted stock of coupons. I suggest the issue of coupons at a much earlier stage.

(2) It seems to me that those of us who are now having our first babies are entitled to a larger coupon rather than those who have been through it before. Not only will the old hands probably have a certain nucleus of "little thingummys" put by (and possibly some outsize ones too) while we must start from scratch, but they also have the benefit of first-hand experience in planning their resources, while we who grope in the dark, dependent on the advice of books and friends, will almost certainly make mistakes which may now be costly.

(3) Surely any decent civilian father can be talked into sacrificing a few of his coupons for the future happiness of his child. (Was it perhaps the threat to his own coupons that prompted Expectant Father's outburst?) But what of those of us who are married into the Forces? All efforts to persuade my brave and gallant husband to sign at the draper for 3 dozen nappies as an essential part of his equipment have so far failed! I can suggest no remedy until coupons are issued to the Forces, but it is a little hard, isn't it? Expectant Mother

KIPPERS

Sir,—We have heard much recently of the advantages of living in the Isle of Man, but my envy of its inhabitants was not roused until I heard that the Manx Government had forbidden the dyeing of kippers. No longer will the curers be permitted to dip herrings in brown dye to make believe they have been oak smoked.

The excuse given by Manx curers that oak shavings are unobtainable is disingenuous, since the practice of dyeing dates back to the last war, when kippers had to be sold by weight. Somebody had the idea of dipping the fish in brown dye, thus saving the expense of oak chips, time, and weight of fish lost in the shrinkage caused by proper smoking. The practice caught on, and soon every curer was using the dyeing vat, with the result that the present generation does not know the taste of a real kipper.

Will not Lord Woolton follow the excellent example set by the Isle of Man and give us back one of the most delicious foods these Islands can produce.

3 Halsey House, R. Lewis
Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS

Sir,—Let me thank Mr. Raymond Mortimer for his delightful review, with its suggestions for improvement. But how did he miss (on p. 96*b*) exactly the six lines he asks for from Clough's "Latest Decalogue"? H. S. Milford

Oxford University Press.

Sir,

"Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of western pine"

are the concluding lines of Bret Harte's "Dickens in Camp," written on the occasion of the death of Charles Dickens. One of Bret Harte's best.

A. Morley Davies

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONLY a great poet or novelist, a great painter or draughtsman, can safely be entrusted with a large picture of war, since the inherent difficulty of the epic lies in the necessity of keeping both the wood and the trees simultaneously in focus. In other words, the eternal must continually be discernible as a shadow behind each particular detail; and the unobtrusive success with which Tolstoy achieved this effect is largely responsible for the deep satisfaction we derive from *War and Peace.* It is an effect which Dumas, for all his dash and bravura, could never attain; which Balzac attained, in a smaller focus, in *Les Chouans;* which Dickens might conceivably have brought off, if he had attempted a novel of, say, the Crimean war; and which contributes largely to the success of what I take to be the three greatest pictures of the last war: David Jones's *In Parenthesis,* Jules Romains's *Verdun,* Alexei Tolstoy's *Darkness and Dawn.* At such a distance from the subject, symbols become an absolute necessity, and the writer's constant care must be to prevent the generalised types, which impose themselves as the dramatis personae, from lapsing into the perfunctory insignificance of puppets. A large brush, then, is needed, to cover the canvas and to keep the composition homogeneous. Another, but much less obvious, necessity is an ambivalent attitude to human beings. If you do not love the race in some sense or other, it is useless attempting to deal with its corporate activities; and if you feel no distaste for the stupidity of the herd spirit, and for the physical functions of men and women, your view will be equally vitiated by a fuzz of sentimentality.

These considerations bring me straight up against Emile Zola, who can scarcely be accused of not sharing Tolstoy's mixture of admiration and disgust at the spectacle of people in the mass. Always better at depicting the crowd than the individual, for his psychology was of the crudest and most summary, Zola launched the Rougon-Macquart series on its sprawling journey in 1871, when he himself was just thirty; so it was hardly to be expected that he would permanently refrain from committing a panorama of the Franco-Prussian war. Wisely, however, he waited twenty years before making the attempt: *La Débâcle* was his last important novel.

A book of this kind prompts the immediate question: Is it a great novel? The answer, in the case of *La Débâcle,* is emphatically no. Yet because it is backed by a certain greatness of mind—the magnanimous integrity which made Zola the overt champion of Dreyfus and which his irritated contemporaries like Faguet refused to recognise—the book has an impressiveness that will make it worth reading when the topical interest of its parallel with the events of 1940 has faded.

Zola always makes a success of his first and final scenes, for he had what violinists call a "magnificent attack"; and the first pages of *La Débâcle* dispel any doubts of his claim to be an artist. The camp at night, with its wavering fires and fantastic lights, its confusion of noises, now rising into the sharp definition of a bugle-call or a shout, now sinking into a smothered blur, with here and there a groan or a sigh; the single candle in the farmhouse window marking the vigil of some staff officer: such eternal features of war are woven into a symphonic prelude out of which emerge gradually the shadowy figures of individual soldiers. The big brush is at work, sweeping them all in, filling out the background with night and fatigue, hunger satisfied and comradeship roughly mended amid the exasperation of conflicting rumours, of hope and of despondency.

Up to a point the construction of the book is cunningly managed. As if aware that a continual series of climaxes would defeat its own end and deaden the reader's sensibilities long before the end of the story, Zola keeps the whole first part of the book out of the firing line. The result is, I should say, even more successful in conveying the *atmosphere* of a war area than the terror and violence of Part II, when the fighting at last begins in earnest. Fear and doubt are after all perhaps the worst features of existence, and it is these emotions for which, in his first chapters, Zola has found such striking emblems. A perpetual twilight hangs over these pages, and in this inferno the French fight a battle with ghosts and shadows—the grey Prussians they are for ever glimpsing but never really seeing. In all this section it is the fatigue, the discomfort, the horrible inconvenience of war that are powerfully established in the reader's imagination; the enemy is Matter, and when Zola describes cavalry and artillery trying to cross a pontoon bridge at night, he conveys, along with the fantastic grandeur of the scene, a sense of the horrible futility of heroism unsupported by material strength and organisation. "*C'était le choc de la bravoure inintelligente contre le grand nombre et la froide méthode.*" As in 1914, and still more in 1940, one has the impression of a confusion of human beings attempting to defend their land against a pest of clockwork insects.

Zola's perceptions, throughout these opening chapters, are extraordinarily just. But in the appalling scenes of Part II he needs all his *bravura* to prevent the book from disintegrating through sheer violence. Luckily he was not the "realist" he imagined himself to be, and things like the attack on the house at Bazeilles, and the hospital scenes, are lifted out of the merely horrible by the romantic and dramatic quality of the novelist's vision. The poetical inspiration here is genuine, if not of a very high order: it showed Zola the daisies in the courtyard dyed scarlet by the blood thrown hastily out of the hospital bowls; it dictated the death of Captain Beaudoin trying to pull an imaginary blanket up to his chin; it showed him the sinister calm and deceptive emptiness of the besieged Sedan at night; above all it produced the unforgettable glimpses of the sick Napoleon III, his face the colour of paper, passing across a lighted window alone, or hurried through the streets among his preposterous rabble of cooks and attendants.

Zola is famously at his best when he allows his imagination to brood over some one thing until he induces in himself a state of hallucination in which the thing—the staircase in *Pot-Bouille,* the mineshaft in *Germinal,* the lonely house in the railway cutting in *La Bête Humaine,* the great white sale in *Au Bonheur des Dames,* the ruined garden in *La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret* —grows to the monstrous proportions of a nightmare. In *La Débâcle* the hypnosis is induced by the obsession of food. We watch the Prussians reeling about in rivers of wine and gorging bars of soap, while, absurd and pathetic, a horse munches the floor-boards of a cart.

Enthralling as these pictures are, they never have the final grandeur of Goya's: at best, I am afraid, it is Gros's enormous machines they chiefly evoke. The arts of Zola and of Wagner have important features in common, and a greater artist than Zola would have refrained from prolonging Part III so as to take in the Commune. The final scenes are in every way the equal of those in Part II, but we are too exhausted to take them in, as most people who have listened attentively to two and a half acts of *Die Meistersinger* are simply not in a position to respond to the beauties of the last scene.

"*Je n'ai pas besoin de psychologie,*" Zola is said to have retorted to a critic. In a sense he was right, and never more so than in *La Débâcle,* where the individual characters are adequate in number and variety to fulfil the transitions in what is essentially a tragic landscape. Their subsidiary rôle has other advantages; in particular, the depressing and monotonous crudity of Zola's attitude to sex ("*Et il la renversa, la prit brutalement, par terre,*" etc., etc.) is less oppressive here, partly because by the time he wrote this book, Zola had come to have a better opinion of mankind than is evident in *L'Assommoir* or *Nana.* This does not prevent him from noting what few writers on war ever care to mention—that disgraceful hatred of civilians for the soldiers who are protecting them. It is a phenomenon that even "total" war has been unable wholly to expunge, for it has a deep and double root, in the humiliating difficulty of gratitude and in those long ages when the "brutal and licentious soldiery" were mercenaries who battened ruthlessly on the civilian population. Such memories lie dormant in the blood of generations and each new crisis brings them to light. In the case of France there is, too, that hysterical defeatism which is the curse of ardent minds; which Zola depicts in the manic-depressive outbursts of Maurice Levasseur; and which reached catastrophic depths in Pétain's groan: "*Nous sommes outres!*"

Uncommonly ill-read—especially for a Frenchman—in the literature, history and philosophy of the past, Zola was no thinker: you may search his novels in vain for a single interesting comment on life; everything is implicit, which, for a man whose stock of ideas was not only small but often fallacious, is unsatisfactory. He demands, in fact, too little of his reader. If he had been the exquisite type of artist, this might not matter; but Zola was slovenly and tasteless, he had more than a touch of Hall Caine (*Fécondité, La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret*), occasionally even of Marie Corelli (*Le Rêve, Rome, L'Oeuvre*). His illiterate, slapdash methods brought their own punishment, by robbing him of recognition by the best writers among his contemporaries, who were so outraged by the vulgarity of his style and of his plots that they failed to perceive the rare epic quality of his imagination, and by firmly implanting in the public mind the image of a gloomy pornographer who thought the very worst of people in general and of his countrymen in particular.

It is easier to be fair to Zola now than it was in 1902; one can see why he was so universally but so erroneously regarded as a black-hearted pessimist. For if he was ignorant of any literature but that of the Romantic Movement, he was at least steeped in that; and his direct masters were Chateaubriand and Flaubert. Those two great writers were of course genuine pessimists, and the characteristic cadences of Flaubert's style, which abound in a debased form in every paragraph of Zola's, are so full of the music of sadness and resignation that they confer a specious pessimism on material that was really not designed to that end. For it is surely all but impossible to produce a sanguine impression in those immense descriptive arcs, which usually begin with the word *cependant,* and rise and fall with the melancholy wail of air-raid sirens. This tone was more or less forced upon Zola by the times; but in himself he was a believer in Humanity and Justice, and their ultimate triumph through Progress; his deepest convictions were those of 1848 and of *L'Avenir de la Science.* Had he been born a contemporary either of Stendhal or of H. G. Wells, his generosity of mind, his vigorous and confident imagination, and that genius for broad depiction which triumphs over detail that is often commonplace and insistent, might have been expressed in a style better suited to vindicate his own dictum that a novel is "life seen through a temperament."

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

DONATELLO

Donatello. Edited by Ludwig Goldscheider. Phaidon Edition. *Allen and Unwin.* 12s. 6d.

This new volume from the Phaidon Press will increase the sum of artistic enjoyment and understanding by revealing to many for the first time the work of a supremely great sculptor. Only the fact that most of his work is still in Florence and that sculpture is a difficult medium, has prevented Donatello from taking a place beside Rembrandt in the popular imagination. For Donatello is not at all a difficult or esoteric artist. On the contrary, he achieves that rare combination, the mastery of form and material and the understanding of common humanity. He is essentially democratic, choosing his types from among the people, dignifying the common man, and liking to tell a simple dramatic story with unashamed violence and realism. In much early Renaissance work there is a tradition of elegance left over from the aristocratic Gothic style of the late fourteenth century, which gives to the scene the unreality of a ballet. Donatello was entirely without this formalism. His dramatic directness is astonishing to-day and was crucial in the development of the Renaissance.

He grew up at a time when artists, as well as scholars, had begun to draw inspiration from the surviving fragments of antiquity. Classical art can be used in many different ways; like the Bible it is a source of justification rather than a rule of conduct. And at the beginning of the fifteenth century there was a real danger that the antique might be used pedantically, as by Nani di Banco, or elegantly as by Ghiberti. Had Ghiberti's reading prevailed, the Renaissance might have evolved a sort of Empire style, easily joining hands with the declining graces of international Gothic. But Donatello, though a profound student of antique art, used it as a medium to express his own tough and passionate character. He stole recklessly (almost all his major works can be traced to some classical source) because his own vitality was great enough to revive the most lifeless antique. His digestive powers were stupendous. He gave to worn-out classical forms the rough, tough, nubbly, Tuscan vigour; but as Pater said of Michelangelo, "out of the strong came forth sweetness." That is the mysterious thing about the Florentines, those hard-faced, hard-voiced, hard-headed men in their grim city which suddenly breaks into flower.

Next to the antique the chief artistic impulse of Donatello's time was perspective, the science of depth; and it was this, combined with his love of telling a story, which led him to develop with incredible skill the art of low-relief. But our amazement at the almost perverse mastery with which he conveys vast sequences of space in less than half an inch of depth is an afterthought, for the dramatic power of the scenes absorbs our whole attention. These reliefs, together with Masaccio's frescoes, are the greatest pictures of the early Renaissance, and those which embody most completely the artistic theories of Leon Battisti Alberti, whose *Della Pictura* is appropriately dedicated to Donatello.

Does the new Phaidon Press book do justice to this noble subject? As usual in this series there are many striking photographs, with details of heads and hands which must bring to attention the most apathetic eye. Thus far Phaidon books do a great service in the popularisation of art. But why can they not go a little further? It would have taken only a few weeks' work under experienced guidance to make the notes fuller and more accurate; and as for the introduction, Continental scholars now working in this country should realise that the English do not appreciate, even when it is well done, the semi-philosophical, world-historical approach so popular in Germany, and look with suspicion—sometimes justifiable—at pretentious generalisations. It is true that in these volumes the text is relatively unimportant, but editing also involves the choice and arrangement of plates, from which the reader derives his whole idea of the artist's character. Here Dr. Goldscheider has been content, in the main, to accept the conventional view of Donatello's *oeuvre*, wisely adding nothing, less wisely omitting a few works of importance, and including among the plates some which would have been better relegated to the section of comparative material at the beginning. I do not refer simply to pupils' work. Given the workshop system of the Renaissance it is impossible to say with finality whether certain pieces of sculpture are from the master's own hand or from his design. He may sometimes have provided a drawing, sometimes a *maquette*, sometimes a full-size wax or clay model. Moreover, Donatello's pupils were themselves artists of distinction, so that work cannot be accepted or rejected solely on grounds of quality. It is important, however, to relieve Donatello of such pieces as are inconsistent with his personality and development as an artist. These may be works of great merit like the two marble St. John the Baptists in the Bargello, of which the walking figure (Plate 55) is by Francesco da Sangallo and quite unlike Donatello in style and technique; while the standing figure (Plate 60), a work of supreme beauty, is, I believe, by Desiderio da Settignano. Other pieces must be rejected owing to their weakness, and this applies particularly to some of the early figures from the font of the Duomo and the Campanile, for example, the seated St. John (Plate 9) perhaps by Ciufagni, and the St. John the Baptist (Plate 26) of which the signed base is not original. The bronzes on the altar of Sant Antonio, Padua, are admitted to be largely pupils' work, and here the critic's chief duty is to distinguish between those which have a truly Donatellian character, although the execution may be uneven, and those which have a decorative, craftsman's approach at variance with Donatello's vigour and dramatic impatience. The symbol of St. Matthew the Evangelist (Plate 95) is a typical example of the second kind; the reliefs of miracles of the first. Even these, if compared to the bronze doors of the sacristy in San Lorenzo, lack freedom and spontaneity in the facture; but they are superior to the bronze pulpits in San Lorenzo (Plates 145, 146) which are vigorous enough, but with the insensitive, rustic vigour of Bellano.

Of the omissions, one is worth mentioning as indicating a fashionable, but I believe mistaken, phase in the criticism of Donatello: none of those reliefs of the Madonna and Child by which, under the influence of Dr. Bode, he was best known, is included among the plates. As usual the great Doctor seems to me to have had the right instinct, for although these reliefs are not documented, they were an important output of Donatello's workshop, and at least two of them, the Pazzi Madonna (Fig. 149) and the gilt and painted stucco (Fig. 147) both in Berlin (K.F.M.) are worthy of his hand. We may also feel that the fashion for details has, not for the first time, involved some serious sacrifices. This book is intended for people who are unfamiliar with the subject and who would therefore have been glad if a plate had been devoted to the Cantoria in the Duomo, the Gattamelata and other important monuments seen as a whole, and not simply to details from them which, however revealing to experts, do not show the sculptor's real intention. These would have done more to complete the picture of Donatello than details of the head and foot of the marble St. John (plates 57 and 58) which are only interesting as proving conclusively that the statue is not by Donatello and of a later date.

It is worth examining a volume of the Phaidon Press by a more severe critical standard than is usually applied to books of the kind, because the importance of this series as a means of familiarising people with the classics of art cannot be exaggerated. Never before (if I make a modest exception of two National Gallery publications) have books on art been large enough to give some idea of quality but cheap enough to compete with novels or biographies. Never before have such books found their way into country booksellers. Phaidon books are capable of becoming an instrument of popular education comparable to the Everyman Library or the gramophone. Their editors and directors, therefore, have a real responsibility to maintain a standard of good, unpretentious scholarship, remembering how firmly a false idea can take root, how easily people are put off by any suspicion of cant, and how seldom the second-rate pays in the long run.

Kenneth Clark

CAPE HORN

Cape Horn. By Felix Riesenberg. *Robert Hale.* 18s.

One of the differences between ourselves and our ancestors of, say, up to a hundred years ago, is that man is rapidly replacing nature as the enemy of man. The conquest of nature is not indeed complete, for the deserts, the seas, the forests, the mountains and the air itself, can still strike back, but their blows are the convulsions of surrender, the baffled rage of the Gulliver that we Lilliputians pinion ever more thoroughly every year. It is less the great things of Nature and more the small things which we nowadays fear—the microbes, the little teeth of the cancer, the invisible horde of enemies in the blood stream and the tissues, a fact which was illustrated with some naivete in a book written by Mrs. Lindberg about her transatlantic flights with her husband. She and he were in a far greater panic about catching some infection from the fleas in their beds on one of the Atlantic islands than they were of the perils of the air. We have brought the scepticism and persistence of technique to bear upon the giants and their legend has gone; and, when the giants do strike, when, for example, the blizzard hits out at Captain Scott or the gales of Everest press back the tents of the climbers, it is characteristic of us that we concentrate on the technical failure of the human beings, and not, poetically, on the wrath of Nature. For Nature is not so much conquered by frontal attack as circumvented by cunning.

The history of man's hostile relationship with Cape Horn is a good example of a giant's decline. His weather is still terrifying. Icebergs, miles long and mountain high, still blink through his fogs, gales whack at him from the Antarctic, currents and high tides drag and strangle; but steam and the Panama Canal have left him to his ignorant fury. His legendary prestige survives, but slowly it is dying away until we can easily imagine the day when the Horn will be no more to us than Scylla and Charybdis. Ought we to be proud? The terrors of the Horn lent a majestic background to the sea-fights, the piracies, the sackings, the mutinies, hangings and keel-haulings which the British, the Spaniards, the Portuguese and the Dutch enacted around him; the execution of Doughty, the starvation of Magellan's crews and the madness of John Davis's, are seen against Nature's hostile wall and take on an epic quality which the surrender of Nature has removed. The evil of man himself has replaced it, and we are too near to Nature's abrogation to see the epic side of man's struggle against himself in our present "incidents" of the sea.

Mr. Felix Riesenberg's survey of the history of our struggle with Cape Horn comes at the right moment. I do not much care for its manner, which is often what the American magazines call bright and colourful and has a good deal too much theatre in it—how badly this compares with the simple gravity of the original documents of the great ages of maritime discovery—but Mr. Riesenberg is an experienced seaman with a sound knowledge of sail and brings into his book an excellent sense of *the work* of the sea. In that direction he is not literary at all, and if *Cape Horn* is a "write up" it is one by a man who knows his stuff. His story opens with the Pope's division of the globe and the great voyage of Magellan, and takes the tale on through the labours of Drake, Schouten, who found this last island of the continent and named it Hoorn after his ship and his port of departure in Holland, down to John Davis, Sarmiento, Byron's grandfather ("foul-Weather Jack"), Anson and Darwin, and then into the busy generation of Melville, Dana and the clippers.

Cape Horn itself is not the central figure in its own drama. The true centre is the Straits of Magellan. Less dramatic and symbolically fitting than the English Horn is the placid, domestic Dutch name of Hoorn, and when we look at the map, the grim and fearful names are to be found in the Straits. Cape Froward, Useless Bay, Port Famine and Famine Reach, Drake's Bay of the Severing of Friends and Cape Deseado, the extreme easterly point of the Straits, where, after death and starvation, the great South Sea was seen at last, speak for themselves. It was thought, and is still maintained by some, that Drake landed on Horn Island, but Mr. Riesenberg, aided by recent American research, attacks this view with ingenuity. There is neither wood nor water on this island; nor is there any trace of the alternative Elizabeth Island, which used to appear on the ancient maps. Where did Drake anchor on this most southerly point of his voyage? What has become of Elizabeth Island? Was it a cartographer's fiction? Mr. Riesenberg sets out an elaborate and fascinating theory that Elizabeth Island did once exist but has since vanished by volcanic action. How far his case will satisfy the maritime detective I cannot say, but it is made with knowledge of those seas.

If the lay reader is out of his depth in the waters of nautical quarrels and casuistry, he can get back to the real fascination of the story which lies in watching each of the great early voyages add their quotient of vital discovery. None surpasses the drama, the mystery, the overwhelming fearfulness of Magellan's ships feeling their way along the unknown channels and being swept back by the violent currents and beaten by the wicked winds sent down out of the mountains. A voyage like that of the Nodals does not compare with Magellan's, and yet they were the first to make the important discovery that the east-to-west passage was vastly easier; and Schouten's great voyage and discovery has the merit of showing the futility of prohibiting and obstructing determined men. Schouten was forbidden by the East India Company's monopoly from entering the straits; the result was the discovery of the southern course round the toe of the continent, and the breaking of the monopoly. The whole history of discovery along the coast of the Americas is epitomised in that episode. Monopoly and the conviction that somewhere there must be a way through the continent, set Europeans gnawing away at the coastline until, after generations, they had mapped and mastered it.

Mr. Riesenberg has drawn upon a large number of narratives and all have their points. Of all, that of John Davis is the ancient mariner story in all its horror. "The very deep did rot"—one sees the becalmed and tortured crews, with their worm-infested ship, their rotting cargo of penguin meat, their delirious visions. This is one of the appalling stories of the sea—ships and men decaying on the water. In later years, when the clippers were fighting against steam, the American voyages to the Horn were noted for their primitive and gratuitous cruelty. There is a frightful story which reminds one of something out of Melville or Hanley, of a "lime juicer" on board one of these boats, whom the Americans were determined to break, and who, maddened at last by his persecutors, ran up to the masthead at the Horn, and after taunting them, threw himself raving into the sea. The Horn has not been enough for man; we seem to have envied the evil of Nature, to be driven to surpass it. And now, as the glaciers of the Cape shine like idle knives upon an empty sea and the iceberg islands float by like dreams on the empty trade route, we know how man can surpass the power he has supplanted.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE INDIAN RIDDLE

Modern India and the West; A study of the Interactions of their Civilisations. Edited by L. S. S. O'MALLEY. Oxford Press and Royal Institute of International Affairs. 36*s*.

India and Democracy. By SIR GEORGE SCHUSTER and GUY WINT. *Macmillan.* 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Choice Before India. By J. CHINNA DURAI. *Cape.* 8*s*. 6*d*.

The reader who spent £2 17s. on these three books and conscientiously read their aggregate of 1,500 pages might legitimately expect to find himself nearer to a solution of the riddle: What should we do in India? We think that, unfortunately, the more intelligent he is, the more likely is his expectation to be disappointed. This is partly, no doubt, due to the riddle, but it is also partly due to the books themselves. Mr. Chinna Durai's volume can be dismissed summarily; it is entirely unhelpful. He is an Indian, but more British than the British. It is so flattering to us that the British-born Briton can hardly read it without blushing with pleasure or embarrassment at every page. But Mr. Chinna Durai is so "anti-Congress" that his book ignores nine-tenths of the Indian problem. Of course there are some grounds for his admiration of our achievements in India and for his criticism of Congress, but if Congress were really as unrepresentative of Indians as he argues, there would be no Indian riddle at all, for it would have been solved long ago by those two admirable and intelligent men, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Srinivasa Sastri, with the help of their fellow Moderates.

Modern India and the West is a very different kind of book. It does not pretend to deal with the immediate political problem in India. Seventeen authors in 16 chapters attempt to show us the interaction of western and Indian civilisation. If they had succeeded, they would have given us a solid basis for considering the immediate political problem, for that problem is the direct result of the impact of Western civilisation through the British Raj upon Indian history and society. But the book is unsatisfactory and disappointing. There are interesting chapters in it, e.g., on Hinduism and the West, by Sir S. Radhakrishnan; on Muslim Culture, by Mr. Yusuf Ali; on the Primitive Tribes, by Professor Hutton; and on the Progress of Women, by Mrs. Gray. But as a whole, the book flops to pieces. The reader will learn much more about the effect of Europe upon India in the last 150 years in a dozen pages of Mr. Wint than in a hundred of this book. The reason is that most of the authors in the larger book have adopted a method which defeats their object. They give us a chronological narrative of events and a list of facts, some of which are relevant and some quite irrelevant to the study of the interaction of civilisations. The consequence is that we are given a short account of the history of law or education or the press in India under British rule, not a study of the effect of Western civilisation upon law, education, and the press. The authors lose themselves in the facts and the reader is naturally lost with them. The book also suffers from one-sidedness, because all the chapters on political, governmental, and social subjects are written by Englishmen. It should be noted that the index is not as accurate as it should be.

We have left the best of the three books to the end. Sir George Schuster and Mr. Wint have produced an extremely interesting volume. Mr. Guy Wint is a young man who spent four years in China, and anyone who has had the opportunity of reading what he wrote upon the problems in China knows that he is an unusually intelligent observer. For the purposes of this book he spent two years in India, and his contribution is a survey of the existing situation and its historical causes. It is intelligent and imaginative, and even when one does not agree with him, one can learn from him. Sir George Schuster follows up the survey with an attempt to propound a solution of the immediate problem. He and Mr. Wint between them show very clearly what the problem is and its most important difficulties. The difficulties of defence and of the minorities are emphasised, and both of them are inclined to think that Congress is anti-democratic and would rule India as a totalitarian Party on the model of the Nazis or Communists. Sir George Schuster's solution is to give India "self-government," but not a parliamentary democratic system. He proposes "to set up some form of executive which, while resting broadly on popular support, is nevertheless independent of day-to-day shifts and changes of opinion in the elected legislatures, and which is also so composed as to give representation to various interests." He also suggests that the "latent power" of the Crown, which in Britain has not been exercised for generations, shall be revived and made a reality in India. These suggestions seem to us to leave the riddle completely unsolved and to be a kind of democratic defeatism. We have led India along a path which is called democracy and told Indians that at the end of it are things like self-government and parliamentary government and Dominion status. The Indian riddle consists in the problem of how we are to give these things which, as a result of our actions, Indians themselves demand and reconcile them with the exigencies of defence, minorities, and Princes. It may be true that the riddle will not be solved unless we satisfy the three exigencies, but it is also insoluble unless we satisfy the majority of politically conscious Indians. There is no possibility of doing this if we start by throwing up the democratic sponge and substitute for the model of the mother of parliaments a cross between the corporative State and the Royal Prerogative as interpreted by George III and Lord North.

LEONARD WOOLF

INTELLECTUAL SONG

Poems of a Decade. By A. L. ROWSE. *Faber.* 6*s*.

Hot on the heels of Mr. Rowse's *Tudor Cornwall*, which I recently read with much interest and profit, has come his book of poems, and before sending this to a reviewer I was curious to compare the poet with the historian. At once I found myself absorbed. Usually I cannot read contemporary verse without exasperation. I know very well how difficult it is to appreciate the work of the generation succeeding one's own: in middle age most of us find our taste ossifying, and experience shows the imprudence of denigrating the work of one's juniors, for usually it is not their shortcomings but his own shortsightedness that the critic exposes. When I read the work of the most admired young poets, though I am often delighted by their beauty or their wit, I am no less often offended by what seems to me impudent carelessness. A lovely stanza is coupled with one that is flat or clumsy, music is interspersed with mere noise, and there is frequent unnecessary obscurity. The writer dissipates remarkable talent through a laziness that prevents the improvement of first thoughts, a stupidity or a vanity that considers all his products to be *ipso facto* good. Probably the insecurity of the times is largely responsible: if he did not say at once what he had to say, it might be too late. All very well for Horace to use the file for ten years; there were in his time no bombs. Let us publish at once, for to-morrow we die. In any case, Flaubert spending a week upon a paragraph is a typically bourgeois figure of fun, a neurotic *rentier* in an ivory tower. So no fuss about the *mot juste*, no bother even about clarity, but *vogue la galère*! The Impressionists, I know, were accused of not finishing their pictures, the Post-Impressionists of inability to draw; Keats was thought incompetent, Browning incomprehensible. We may think the poets have badly trained voices, merely because we grow hard of hearing. Nevertheless, there is probably some basis for my impression that the younger poets are, as craftsmen, not always very conscientious.

For such reasons I have refused to review such works as Mr. Auden's *New Year Letter*. I have been tempted to write about Mr. Rowse because he is unusually free of the defects, real or imaginary, that worry me in his contemporaries. His grammar is surprisingly correct. (To write "save only he" is in accordance with the best practice, but I am not so sure about "that country *that* by death is his.") He can write lines that fill me with dismay—tongue-twisters like "A flash of the eye betrays the furtive loves." His favourite metre is a couplet (learnt probably from Yeats) with carefully, but not always happily, irregular beat, which sometimes results, to my ear, in shambling:

Enter now the walks with unseeing eyes,
Loud of mouth, whose voices hold no surprise.

He will write three successive couplets with weak rhymes (see, society, security, she, victory, anemone); he will use an assonance suddenly instead of a rhyme in a way that doubtless can be ingeniously defended but that looks suspiciously like the evasion of a difficulty. He ventures upon *vers libres*—much the most difficult of all verse-forms, because only extraordinary delicacy of ear and refinement of diction can rescue it from flatness; and he does not always effect this rescue. But he can be intricately musical, as in "Grown-up to Child: Ten Commandments":

Take a rake with ten teeth
  To hollow out the sea;
Ride astride a sea-bird's back,
  Nor ever be
Afraid to raid the nests of gulls
  In the shy places of the rocks;
Nor slow to draw music from
  The fluted comb.
Spread a bed of gathered down
  From dandelion clocks;
Scorn not the thorn whereon there grows
  The everlasting rose.

He is particularly awake to the play of light, waters, bells and the wind: "the wind's fingers in my hair," "the velvet wallflower wind," "the wind springs up like the feet of many runners,"

There runs a gentle music of the breeze
Among the boughs, like a small stream's murmur,
An echo of the singing winds of summer.

It is very evident that he is steeped in literature: he will even combine two hackneyed phrases, "O moving finger of time that writes My name in water, on the sea." He has pored over his Yeats and his Eliot:

the quiet house where the successor of Peter,
sheltered within the peach-clad walls
under the shadow of the tower,
Looks out upon his flock and keeps his hours.

He sometimes breaks into French and German, and requotes a line previously borrowed by Eliot.

Not only is he, in a good sense, an intellectual poet, but his volume can be read as the history of an intellectual. He begins with Celtic poems, inspired by his Cornish blood and breeding; then come the Thirties, the decade of disillusionment, in which the intellectual, watching with despair his blind countrymen following their blind leaders into a ditch, collapses into the misanthropy of a Thersites. Poem after poem opens disgustedly: "A hundred times a day I wash my hands, Wash them of human folly," "Behold the antics of the populace," "I smell the madness of the winter world,"

Nature I hate and what's unnatural choose
For rule of life, rather than hourly lose
The sense of separateness from the common
  world,
Admit a likeness which I never willed.
To all that's human, similar and mean . . .

His indignation culminates in lines deploring his own exposure to desire and in four poems expressive of a frantic loathing for marriage. The man with a skin too few must avoid the herd in order not to hate it, and Mr. Rowse sallied from the Augustan Gothic of All Souls into the most disillusioning of experiences, a candidacy for Parliament. But in each section of the book there are very beautiful poems inspired by a friendship bordering upon love. Some ribald soul said of Housman that he had the ill-luck to fall in love successively with a suicide and a murderer. Mr. Rowse similarly (but less surprisingly, since he was born into an age when death had grown specially greedy for the young) associates love with death: he writes movingly of dead friends, and of the end awaiting an airman seen sleeping in a train. Even Rodin's *Age d'airain* sets him thinking of the probable death of the young soldier who was Rodin's model.

When death became, not a vague, approaching enemy, but a familiar neighbour, the poet found himself reconciled with ordinary men and even with ordinary women. Swift was replaced by Whitman: "The answer to all this hate is only love," "I love now the very variety of the world Where once I admired only its unity." He can see two lovers on a bench and "think no harm." Now whatever one's disgust with the Gadarene populace that deified Chamberlain, the sight of lovers never, for most of us, ceased to be touching and hopeful. Clearly this book has its interest as a case-history, since it took a war to wake in the poet a common, congenital sympathy with his fellows. What matters, however, is not whether his misanthropy was neurotic, but whether it excited him to write good poetry. In my view it did. His new benevolence, though sometimes verging upon sentimentality, is proving at least equally inspiring. Thus he watched a military procession:

And all seemed easy and effortless
  as the regular beat of the swans' wings
      flying over the plain,
  that disturbs with strange exhilaration
  the swans afloat upon the surface of the water.

I am not trying to tip Mr. Rowse as a likely outsider in some sort of Parnassian Stakes. Several of his contemporaries have shown a richer poetic temperament; he can take wing, but he seldom soars; and in any case, writing is not to be considered as a competition. I am grateful for his clarity and correctness, but I recommend his book because in it he has given shape to particular states of feeling so as to communicate their intensity. The fact that in his poetry he also shows himself an uncommonly intelligent man does not, I confess, detract from my enjoyment.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

RAUSCHNING'S APOLOGIA

Make and Break with the Nazis. Letters on a Conservative Revolution. By HERMANN RAUSCHNING. *Secker and Warburg.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Dr. Rauschning's first English book, *Germany's Revolution of Nihilism*, will always rank as the most penetrating analysis of the inner machinery of the Nazi dictatorship. Since then he has written three books; the third, *Make and Break with the Nazis*, is a personal explanation, advertised by its publishers as "Letters to a British Statesman." (The statesman, the text suggests, may be Lord Vansittart.) He does not seem to have convinced his correspondent, any more than he has convinced the present reviewer, why he tries to justify himself for having served as an official of the Nazi Party. Rauschning explains at length that he and his friends joined the Nazi Party in order "to get rid of the Nazi leaders and replace them by a body of young men of experience, intelligence, and initiative who will not seek their own advantage like the Nazi 'élite,' but the fulfilment of the tasks that face them." He saw in the Nazi movement a popular expression of a revolutionary upheaval the trend of which seemed to him to be "genuine and creative."

Surely it is clear that Herr Rauschning's alliance with the Nazi Party was based on at least one radically wrong moral assumption. Was it possible in 1932 to shut one's eyes to Hitler's true intentions when he sent a telegram of sympathy to the murderers of Potemka, or when, in 1933, thousands of decent Germans were slaughtered or tortured or put into concentration camps? Was it possible to assume that a movement responsible for such crimes could be tamed? There could be no excuse for allying oneself with such a movement, and I believe Herr Rauschning is not justified in quoting Thomas Mann "as the spiritual representative of a Liberal German bourgeoisie that may have been potentially present but never took shape, either spiritually or politically." In spite of his reservations with regard to the politics of the Weimar Republic, Thomas Mann bravely supported the Social Democrats at a time when Herr Rauschning and his friends were busy torpedoing them.

Rauschning lived under an illusion which he would have been wise to admit and not to excuse. No man is free from making mistakes. But it is quite a different matter to distort history to make a mistake morally plausible. "To-day," Herr Rauschning writes, "after our experiences of the Nazi period, it is reasonable to ask whether an authoritarian mass-democracy in the hands of the Left-wing Socialists would not have been preferable to the existing regime. I do not hesitate to say that I think it would have been, but only as the lesser of the two evils. But nine or ten years ago that question did not arise. The alternative to the dangers of a Left-wing solution of that sort, with a centralised mass-State, was our own solution, to be achieved with the aid of the Nazis—not what the Nazis have since carried out on their own initiative and in diametrical opposition to our intention." But, in fact, no danger of a "Left-wing" revolution ever existed in Germany in 1931 or 1932, and Rauschning's description of the Social Democratic Party is so utterly unfounded that it hardly needs detailed refutation.

"But the fact (!) remains that the great Socialistic Labour party in Germany did not preach reforms, but the negation of the existing State, the existing society, the existing economic order and the existing Christian civilisation—and, above all, it preached the dictatorship of a class." Here Rauschning merely repeats the Nazi bogy. It would lead us too far to go into historical details. The Social Democratic Party paid a partial lip-service to Marxism, but it never was revolutionary. It was an evolutionary social reform party. I am far from defending the political mistakes of the leaders of the German Socialists, but whatever else they did, they never planned a " Left-wing " revolution.

Rauschning writes with bitterness and violence against all who do not agree with him. They are all, it seems, " doctrinaires." His own doctrines are easy to discover and they are ill-digested. He entirely misunderstands Ortega y Gasset's sociology of the mass-age. Rauschning very naively thinks that only the industrial proletariat is stamped by the mass-character of our time. He does not notice that peers and peeresses also go to the movies and read detective stories. Neither the upper strata of our Western society nor the educated intellectuals necessarily constitute an élite. The problem of democracy is to select those who are really fit to govern; not to recognise an accidental or self-chosen élite and obey them. Rauschning even finds " doctrinaires " amongst Englishmen who quietly do research work on the social and economic reconstruction of Europe. The future must " grow," it cannot be planned, says Dr. Rauschning. Unfortunately, States and societies are not comparable with apples or potatoes or with pigs or cows, on which Herr Rauschning is an expert. The fallacy of applying the principles that govern growth in nature to the social sciences is characteristic of Dr. Rauschning's political thought. " I have repeatedly declared to you my ' Conservative ' faith," he writes to his friend. " It is that the unique, concrete, historic process cannot be replaced by anything else, or anticipated. That is what I describe as the irreplaceable positivism, in the original sense, of the elements of the making of law and history. *Every constructive effort on a reasoned basis is useless*, and is bound to lead us to appalling confusion. . . ." The italics in this sentence are mine, but the words are those of Dr. Rauschning; they remind me of a phrase of Hegel, who once wrote, referring to Schelling, that " intuition is the night where all cows are black."

If we disbelieve reason, no further argument is possible; we simply destroy the very basis of Western civilisation on behalf of which Rauschning claims to fight. *The rest is silence.*

GEORG TROELTSCH

Week-end Competitions

No. 609

Set by Saint-Loup

The usual prizes are offered for a set of three Ruthless Rhymes, on the model of those by Harry Graham, e.g.,

Philip, foozling with his cleek,
Drove his ball through Helen's cheek,
Sad they bare her corpse away,
Seven up and six to play.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, October 13th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 606

Set by William Whitebait

A recent book of " helpful biblical quotations," included " Lift up thy voice " as a text for singers and orators, and " Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business ? " for pressed business-men. The usual prizes are offered for the best quotations from English literature with a similarly " useful " application for three of the following: share-pushers, hairdressers, jockeys, reviewers, Divorce Court judges, land girls, district visitors, burglars, dentists, ballet dancers and munition workers.

Report by William Whitebait

Quotations have poured in by the hundred. Some are to the point, and meant to be, like Pope's and Byron's remarks on critics; but there should be a certain enormity in plucking a text from its context. The distinction still leaves me with a large number of possible prize-winners, some attaining heights with one or two mottoes from their sets of three. I give first a selection from these.

SHARE-PUSHERS

Much have I travelled in the realms of gold.—Keats. *On Looking into Chapman's Homer.*
(Jane Ball)

Ah take the Cash and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum.
—*Omar Khayyám* (Alfred Thompson)

I speak of Africa and golden joys.—*Henry IV*, Part 1. (Miss Barbara Fletcher)

One may not doubt that, somehow, Good
Shall come of Water and of Mud;
And sure, the reverent eye must see
A Purpose in Liquidity.
—Rupert Brooke, *Heaven.* (Jontik)

HAIRDRESSERS

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will. (Pte. F. R. Davies)

Though much is taken, much abides.
(A. R. Watson)

JOCKEYS

Sing, riding's a joy! For me I ride!—Browning,
(Guy Innes)

Remember Lot's wife. (A. B. Medaller)

REVIEWERS

Let these describe the indescribable.—Byron.
(Doris N. Clayton)

And it shall be, when thou hast made an end of reading this book, that thou shalt bind a stone to it, and cast it into the midst of Euphrates.—Jeremiah. (E. V. Milner)

DIVORCE COURT JUDGES

He stoppeth one of three.—*Ancient Mariner*.
(R. Stanley Hitchcock)

Break, break, break. (J. M. Stoddart)

LAND GIRLS

My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires.
Marvell, *To His Coy Mistress.* (D. L. Pole)

DISTRICT VISITORS

Speak not with a stiff neck.
—Psalms. (Miss E. Aitken)

The rich man in his castle,
The poor man at his gate—
He made them high and lowly
And ordered their estate.
—*Hymns Ancient and Modern.* (R. C. O.)

BURGLARS

Steal from the world.
—Pope, *Ode on Solitude.* (C. F. Best)

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.
—Yeats. (Hamtune)

DENTISTS

Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it.—Psalms.
(E. V. Milner)

Change and decay in all around I see.
(A. H. Gilbey)

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.
—*Macbeth.* (Alfred Thompson)

The prizes are divided equally between nine competitors, who have shown much ingenuity and wit in their choice of texts.

PRIZES

I

(1) *Burglars :*
And not by eastern windows only.—Clough.

(2) *Divorce Court Judges :*
Thy tears shall efface their decree.—(From *Pro Patria Mori*, T. Moore.)

(3) *Share-pushers :*
Earth has not anything to show more fair.—Wordsworth. (" COMBER ")

II

(1) *District Visitors :*
Whene'er I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
Isaac Watts, *Divine Songs*, Song No. 4.

(2) *Reviewers :*
I am nothing, if not critical.—Shakespeare, *Othello*, Act II, Sc. 1.

(3) *Ballet Dancers :*
O, wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping.—Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, Act III, Sc. 2. (ELSIE W.)

III

(1) *Burglars :*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

(2) *Reviewers :*
it is a tale
Told by an idiot.

(3) *Jockeys :*
Oh, the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less, and what worlds away!
(STANLEY J. SHARPLESS)

IV

(1) *Share-pusher :*
I was a stranger, and ye took me in.—Authorised Version, Matthew, ch. 25, v. 35.

(2) *Munition Worker :*
Thou look'st like him that knows a warlike charge;
To business that we love, we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
—Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV, Sc. 4.

(3) *Burglar :*
This gracious robbery shall thy bounty be.
—Crashaw, *The Flaming Heart*, line 91.
(HILDA SARGENT)

V

(1) *Jockey :*
If you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide they all rush by
And leave you hindmost.
—*Troilus and Cressida* III, iii.

(2) *Ballet Dancer :*
Four times round is enough for one dance.—*Through the Looking-Glass* (Tweedledum).

(3) *Hairdresser :*
Trim it handsomely.—*Tempest*, V, i.
(LESLIE JOHNSON)

VI

(1) *Jockeys :*
What though the field be lost? All is not lost—Milton, *Paradise Lost.*

(2) *Hairdressers :*
Methinks I scent the morning air.—Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, I, iv.

(3) *Burglars :*
Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom!—Newman. (R. S. JAFFRAY)

VII

(1) *Land Girl :*
Men some to business some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake.
—Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii.

(2) *Hairdresser :*
This parting was well made.
—Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, Act V, Sc. 1.

(3) *Munition Worker :*
Hear ye not the hum
Of mighty workings?
—Keats, addressed to Haydon, XIV,
(W. L. CATCHPOLE)

VIII

(1) *Munition Workers :*
Be absolute for death; either death or life
Shall thereby be the sweeter.—Shakespeare.

(2) *Land Girls :*
Boldly she sings, to the merry tune she marches,
Brave is her shape, and sweeter unpossess'd.
—Meredith.

(3) *Jockeys :*
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
—Pope. (D. D. R.)

IX

(1) *Reviewers :*
Oh that mine adversary had written a book—Job.

(2) *Burglars :*
Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me.—Tennyson.

(3) *Land Girls :*
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers
And but for you possess the field.
—A. H. Clough. (" X ")